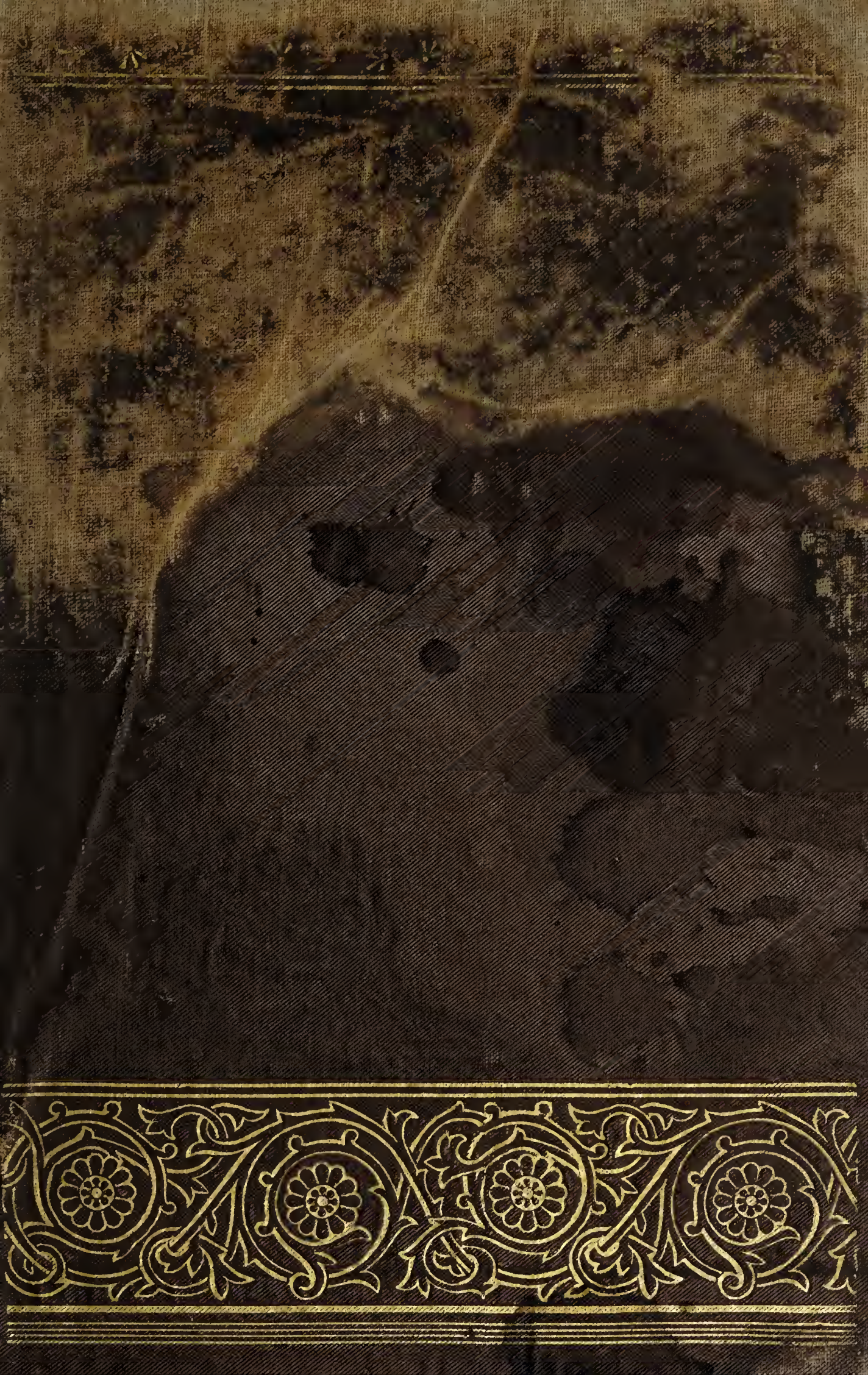

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TWENTY-SIX HOURS A DAY

BY

MARY BLAKE

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D. LOTHROP AND COMPANY
FRANKLIN STREET

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TO BUSY MOTHERS
HOPING TO HELP SOLVE SOME OF THE TROUBLESOME
PROBLEMS OF A WOMAN'S LIFE

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TWENTY-SIX HOURS A DAY.

CHAPTER I.

HOW TO GET THEM.

"WELL," exclaims tired Mrs. Motherly, "if anybody needs twenty-six hours a day, I am sure I do, and ten days a week, into the bargain! The days are not half long enough; and when night comes, the thought of the things I ought to have done but couldn't, tires me more than all I have done. This very day, when I expected to do so much sewing, has slipped away, while I have trotted around after the children, washing faces, brushing tangled hair, putting on rubber boots and taking them off again in fifteen minutes, and picking up blocks and playthings, scarfs and mittens, over and over again. I have mended unexpected tears in jackets and dresses, put court-plaster on 'skatched finders,' settled twenty quarrels between the baby

and the next older, threaded needles for 'make-believe sewings,' and all the time been trying to sew, or dust, or sweep, or make gingerbread, till I feel as if I were in a dozen pieces, and every piece trying to do something different. At night I am so tired that all I ask for is a place to crawl into and sleep if I can, and even that must be with one eye open, to see that the baby doesn't get uncovered. Yet there are people so unfeeling as to say I ought to try to get time to read and all that!"

Not so fast, my little mother. It is all true, every word of it, but let us see if it isn't possible to save a little time out of even these busy, wearying days for something higher then mere physical needs.

In order to find out how to save it, let us see what we do with it. Suppose we sort over our work as we do our work-baskets, and see if we cannot make a little time by saving it.

The first and most important of our duties is the care of the children, including, of course, their physical, moral, and intellectual training.

Next comes the housekeeping, i. e., the literal keeping the house in order, looking after its cleanliness and general pleasantness.

Then, cooking or preparing and serving the food, including the care of the table and all that pertains to it. This is really another part of the housekeeping, and perhaps ought to be included in it, except that in some households the details are given over entirely to servants, while in others, they are in greater or less degree the work of the lady of the house.

And, lastly, the sewing.

As regards the care of the children, it is almost impossible that there can be any superfluities. To every true mother, their welfare is first and foremost. Better that cobwebs festoon our parlor-walls, and dust lie inch deep on our books, than that we neglect our children for anything, no matter how good that thing in itself may be. Missionary meetings at one end of the scale, and balls and fashionable society at the other, are all blameworthy, if on account of them the children suffer. When "culture" turns them over to the tender mercies of servants, it becomes only a refined form of selfishness.

By caring for the children, I do not mean providing them with plenty of wholesome food and warm, clean clothing merely, but I would also

include that indefinable something which, for want of a better word, I must call "mothering." It consists in acts of loving, motherly attention, such as taking up the tired baby toward nightfall, and nestling him in your arms for a little rest, and in calling the equally tired older child from her too-absorbing play, and by quiet conversation soothing her busy brain into a condition for restful sleep, instead of leaving it to toss the weary body through hours of uneasy dreaming. It will lead you cheerfully to lay down the interesting book or fascinating sewing to cover Tommy's ball or to loop up the refractory overskirt on Bessie's doll, and patiently to restore order after your dining-room has been turned into Pandemonium on a Saturday afternoon by Harry and "the boys." It will help you to teach both plaintiff and defendant in a family quarrel something about the rights of both persons and property, and to show them that there can be honor among children as well as among thieves. These things take time, and plenty of it, but they are a part of a child's birthright.

But some mothers "mother" their children too much, don't they? To be sure they do; there's a difference in hens, even; some cluck and scratch

and bustle about, with so much maternal eagerness and ignorance as to tread the life out of half their chicks, while others go clucking around in an amiable, comfortable fashion, always spreading their wings at just the right moment to shelter their brood from every real or imaginary danger. These are the hens farmers keep to "set." They are such "good mothers," and their chickens always turn out well. So it is with children. Where every want is anticipated, where a child seldom does anything for itself, is dressed and undressed, rocked and amused long past babyhood, is never allowed to try experiments and make failures, the mother becomes a slave and the child a helpless doll.

There is such a thing as judicious neglect in the care of children. By this I mean a careful carelessness which allows them to look out for themselves as far as they safely can, but yet is always ready to step in at just the right moment. To be sure, their clothes will get soiled and their heads bumped oftener, but they will grow up more sturdy and self-reliant than where they are constantly watched. At first the mother will not save much time by this sort of training. Indeed, it is a good

deal easier to do everything for a child than to direct him in his awkward efforts to help himself. For instance, the four-year-old boy wants to wash his own hands, brush his teeth, and button his boots. You know he'll let the water run up his sleeves and spill it on the floor and the washstand, but you let him try. He is so proud to think he is helping mamma, that you haven't the heart to tell him he has hindered more than he has helped. And when you find that he has carefully washed the inside of his hands which were clean enough before, while the backs of them are as dirty as ever, and that his boots are on the wrong feet, you use some ingenious pretext to remedy defects, and then quietly laugh to hear him shout to somebody, "I'm 'most a big boy ; I d'essed myself all alone." But what a relief it is, when he is six or seven years old, to have him do these things for himself!

But if we cannot save much time from the care of the children, perhaps there is some unnecessary work in our housekeeping. Haven't you ever thought, after some domestic upheaval, such as house-cleaning or a "thorough sweeping" — "I don't believe it pays after all — It don't look much cleaner than it did before!" But when

your husband mildly suggests the same thing, did you not, my dear little hypocrite, fiercely declare that men never did appreciate woman's work? How would he like his house to be as dirty as a barn? A sweet little lady, one of these model housekeepers, once said to me, "I have just cleaned my spare room, and, honestly, I don't suppose there have been six people in it since last fall. But, then, I know it's clean, and that's something."

Think of the paint-scrubbing, spring and fall, in places where a fly wouldn't dare to set his foot, and couldn't if he dared, and the sweeping and dusting on regular days, not because the rooms need it, "but then, you know, it's time for it." I suppose I shall be misunderstood. Neat housekeepers will look aghast, and say, "Well, I can't abide *dirt* anyway," intimating that *dirt* (not dust, that's too mild — but real, unmitigated, horrible dirt) would lie in shovelfuls all about, if they didn't throw soul and body into the search after it. On the other hand, aunt Easybody, who "runs in" for an hour's gossip with her neighbor in the morning before she dusts her sitting-room, and Fanny Meander, who sits down to alter the trimming on her spring hat,

with her bed unmade and her room in disorder, will each sweetly smile and say, "That's just my doctrine." But I don't mean either of you, nor Mrs. Aimless, who devours "Mrs. Southworth" and calls it "culture," while her children make mud-pies in the street. I am talking to these particular, conscientious housekeepers who are working and worrying (principally worrying) themselves into early graves, for fear every nook and corner from attic to cellar will not be in immaculate, speckless, dustless order. It is beautiful to have it so, you say, thinking of Mrs. A.'s exquisite housekeeping. But Mrs. A. has a corps of well-trained, faithful servants, a house so large and well arranged that all the actual work-rooms are snugly tucked out of sight. The laundry has marched away from the kitchen, the sewing-room bidden good-by to the family sitting-room, and the nursery and play-room has slyly walked up-stairs into a place by itself. Yet some either alone or with the aid of a "cheap" Irish girl, try in their inconvenient, crowded houses to reproduce Mrs. A.'s results. It would be a disgrace to her if she didn't do it — it is almost as much of a disgrace to them that they do; for what costs her

only money costs them vitality, and leaves them neither time or thought for anything else.

Again, while some of us burden ourselves through superfluous neatness, others do the same thing through excessive elaboration in their housekeeping. You have been ushered into some of these delightful parlors, where blossoming plants, and ivys in brackets, singing birds and pictures and bronzes are arranged in beautiful profusion. Now, some one must dust the statuettes, and water the plants, arrange the flowers, and take care of the birds. There are many ladies who are not so occupied with other duties but that they can find time for these things and for reading and study too. Occasionally a servant may be found who can be trusted to do all this. But there are busy mothers of little children whose minutes are so taken up that the time thus used may be all that can be spared from imperatively necessary work. Now, for the sake of a greater good, may it not be better for such persons to deny themselves these things — or at least to substitute for them something simpler? Don't suppose for an instant that I would counsel empty, barn-like rooms. It is part of our work for husband and children to make

home just as attractive as possible. But among the host of elegant things there are some which almost take care of themselves. You will see at once the difference between pictures on the walls and those on easels ; ferneries, and stands of growing plants ; hanging baskets of autumn leaves and clematis, and those which need to be taken down to be watered every day. These things are meant to express culture and refinement in their owners. There may be times when even these must be put one side, that the mistress may possess the substance of which they are but the shadow.

Now, let us look at the third division of our work, viz., that of cooking. In some households this means frying doughnuts, making pies, and cooking the greater part of the meals, even where a servant is kept, because some one fancies that no one can suit him but "mother." In others it is the preparation of the syllabubs, and meringues and cake, the "fancy-work" of cooking. To save time here you will have to make an ally of your husband. He can help or hinder more than anybody else. Husbands are usually quite ignorant concerning the time and strength it takes for all this cooking. At heart, they wish their wives to

have the best opportunities, but they see them frittering their time away on other things and cannot understand why they should not cook to please them as well as dress to please themselves. For this ignorance and thoughtlessness the mothers of the men are somewhat responsible, and many wives, instead of enlightening their husbands, increase the mischief, often out of their very desire to please them and "make home happy." Because the husband has had a hard day's work in his office, study or shop, his affectionate wife, anxious to give him pleasure on his return home, carefully prepares some marvelous bit of cookery — a chicken-pie, a Neapolitan pudding, a salad, or a frosted cocoanut-cake — on the principle of counter-irritation, I presume. And the man eats the tempting, indigestible dainty, thinking what a good wife he has. She enjoys it, too, with that mild and genial glow which a benevolent mind, conscious of a good deed, always feels. Some years hence, when he groans under the torments of dyspepsia, neither of them will ever think of laying the blame to the dainty dishes prepared at the sacrifice of so much time and strength. "But he has

always been brought up to have such things, and likes them." That settles the question. Certainly, people must always have what they like, and what they have been used to! But wouldn't it be well for the children to have a different diet? What sort of stomachs will they have if they eat such things? For eat more of them than they ought they will, you may be sure, if they are on the table, even if other food is prepared for them, which few mothers will take the trouble to do. Besides, they will be grown up some day, and then they must have these things because they have "been brought up to have them," etc.

Perhaps if any one article could stand as a representative of all those things which it is difficult to make well, and which are good-for-nothing, physiologically, when they are made, it would be that curious Americanism — *pie*. I never could understand the peculiar fascination which these wedge-shaped compounds have for the masculine palate, but the man or boy who can resist the blandishments of a piece of pie would be a natural curiosity. The under-crust may be "soggy;" that's no matter;

there's the top-crust and the "filling." The one may be leathery, the other full of all the untold indigestible horrors of molasses and mince-meat, citron and cinnamon, cloves and cider, apples and allspice, butter and brandy, sugar and suet, wine and raisins — but it's pie, and that's enough. For the sake of the next generation of wives, mothers of growing boys ought to educate them into a better taste, lest by and by "a piece of pie like that my mother used to make" be the dreadful will-o'-the-wisp to lure the poor wife into a slough of despond. And you, tired housewife, by occasional desserts of fruits and puddings, introduce your husband into the boundless supply of wholesome and toothsome things that we neglect for the sake of pie. He may speak scornfully of your *blanc-manges* and custards, or, as the dessert comes on, raise his eyebrows and say significantly, "Nothing but apples?" or "Oh! it's rice again." But do not press your "reform" unreasonably; remember the defects of his early education, and if you can convince him that it really saves your time and strength, and if your puddings and custards are good,

he will soon be willing to accept the substitute for a part of the time at least.

As we all know, there are some women who are natural cooks. The "natural depravity of inanimate objects" seems charmed away when they get hold of bowl and spoon. Their ovens always bake on both top and bottom. Their soups never scorch, nor biscuits sour. They are the ones who always carry "their recipes in their head." With what exasperating indefiniteness do they answer you when you ask them how they make any particular thing — muffins, for instance.

"Dear me, I never have much of a rule about such things."

"But can't you give me a little idea? John has so often spoken of your muffins since we took tea with you, I should like to learn how to make them."

"Well, I stir up a pretty stiff batter; depends something on how many folks I have to tea."

"Do you use milk?"

"Yes, if I have it; if not, I take water."

"Any eggs?"

"Well, if eggs are cheap, I break in a couple, if they are dear, I don't always."

"You use some butter?"

"Oh, yes! a piece about as big as an egg."

She pauses, as if that were all. You timidly suggest —

"Cream tartar or soda?"

A look of surprise creeps over her face, as if she would say, "What does the woman mean by asking so many questions?" but she says —

"Well, if I have sour milk, I don't use cream tartar; if the milk's sweet, I put in a couple of spoonsful of cream tartar and one of soda."

You wish you dared ask whether it's table or teaspoonfuls she means, but if you are a novice, think it must be tablespoonfuls, the muffins are so very light.

She evidently now considers the thing complete.

"You haven't said anything about the flour?" you inquire, with inward trembling; but you really do wish to please John.

The look of surprise changes to a wide-eyed amazement.

"Flour? Why, I supposed any goose would know about that. A good bowlful, of course. I always use my own judgment about the flour."

You retire from the field discomfited, but not

being easily discouraged, try to follow these "directions." The result is something very different from Mrs. Handy's delicate muffins. John breaks one open suspiciously, and, after a minute's inspection, pushes back his plate — with that expression of huge patience which men assume when they want to say something severe but don't — and says :

"Haven't you any bread, Mary? Don't let the children touch these. They are as tough as leather. Why don't you ask Mrs. Handy how she makes her muffins? They're something like."

You nerve yourself and pleasantly ask if he wouldn't like a slice of dry toast. (Such a comfort as dry toast is under such circumstances!) In a week or two, after a series of experiments, you finally evolve from your "inner consciousness," and flour and eggs, some very creditable muffins, — but you don't call your experience judgment.

There are many cases where it is a woman's duty to prepare the food herself, as, for instance, when the fickle appetite of the invalid husband, or delicate child, or aged parent, needs the persuasion of the unmistakable flavor which "mother's" practiced hand alone can give. Where, for any

reason, the lady "does her own work," this is a necessity. However, I am speaking of superfluous, not of necessary labor, and should be very sorry to be understood as advocating the idea that the careful preparation of the family's food is a superfluity, for it is not. The comfort and health of the family really depend upon this department of our work more than upon any other, but elaborate cooking is not always healthful, nor are simple dishes necessarily unpalatable.

There must be a judicious unselfishness in this matter as in many others. A selfish wife may neglect to gratify the reasonable preferences of her husband, saying, "Oh! I can't bother with it; Bridget can do it as well as I, if he only thought so." And on the other hand an over-indulgent wife may spend time and strength she can ill afford to lose, in a hot kitchen, because a whimsical husband thinks nobody else can broil a steak or make a pie good enough for his lordly appetite.

Busy as these departments of our daily labor keep us, I think we shall find on examination that our sewing lays upon us the most unnecessary as well as the heaviest burdens. The difference between dresses simply made and those

loaded with trimming represents hours of labor which minister to no one's health or happiness. Our children are just as well off if their underclothing is innocent of tucks and ruffles. "Yes," I hear half a dozen say at once. "But I do like to see children handsomely dressed, and I like to wear pretty dresses myself." To be sure, it is perfectly right to gratify our feminine *penchant* for pretty things within reasonable limits. But it depends something on what it costs. Mrs. Easy-money is able to pay for the making of all the elaborate garments she wears, but it is a different matter when poor Mrs. Struggle-hard attempts to make all these fine things herself, and to do a good share of housework besides. And isn't there another side to it? May not simpler things be actually prettier, if they were only the fashion? Have you never turned your head to look at a lady passing you on the street, the elegant simplicity of whose dress was positively refreshing, and then gone home and worked over your yards of trimming as blindly and vigorously as ever? Just think of the hours we have spent and must spend wearily sewing together, and

sewing on, what next year's *dictum* will say take off, and put on higher or lower, upside down or downside up. And the thought and the talk it takes! Is not a new dress a thing to be dreaded? First there is the question of the material and the color, even to what is the fashionable shade. Then the cost and the "wear" of the particular kind of cloth we decide upon; next the bewildering inquiry of how to make it up. Some ladies spend hours settling this question alone, aside from the actual work itself. Lest you may think I exaggerate, let me repeat to you a conversation which actually took place in a dressmaker's room in Boston, where the ladies are popularly supposed (by those who don't live there) to be far above such things. This dialogue was reported to me *verbatim* by the victim who lost one hour and a quarter of her precious time as she waited in the ante-room while this lady discussed with the dressmaker the comparative merits of polonaises and overskirts, fringes and knife-plaiting, and this was the *finale:*

Lady. What would you have up the front?

Dressmaker. Bows are pretty.

L. Yes, so they are; but they've been worn so long. Can't you think of something newer?

D. Not that would be so suitable for your material.

L. Would you have the bows of ribbon or of silk?

D. Just as you like about that.

L. If I have ribbon, would it be prettier to have the ends pointed or square?

D. It doesn't make much difference.

L. Now, don't you really think that silk is more stylish than ribbon?

D. Perhaps, as your trimmings are silk, silk would look better.

L. How do you make silk bows this season?

D. Last year we fringed a great many; we don't do it so much this season. I have run the silk together and turned it for some, and the effect is very pretty.

L. How many would you have — five or six?

D. Five is enough. You are not very tall.

L. I wish you would tell me what a French bow is?

D. I don't believe I can describe it. It doesn't differ much from any other bow.

L. I saw some bows on an elegant suit at Chandler's, yesterday, and I thought they must be French bows.

D. Very likely.

L. There seemed to be something stiff in the middle of the bow to keep it up.

D. Yes; we have to put something there, or they would soon "flat" down.

L. Well, isn't there something you can put into the middle that will make them keep their place and yet not be so stiff?

D. I don't know of anything else.

L. Well, I think I'll have about five French bows, and if I see anything different that I like better, I'll send you word. Good morning!

Of course we cannot ignore the fashions altogether; a dress so plain as to be ridiculous is as far from the standard of good taste as one over-trimmed, but in our present variety of fashions there is always some mode which is both tasteful and easily accomplished. But ask yourself honestly how often when settling the question of "how to make it," do you choose such a style in preference to the most elaborate and the "latest."

It does not follow, of course, that every handsomely dressed lady is perforce a slave to her needle. There are natural seamstresses whose deft fingers, out of common materials, will conjure garments almost as magically as the fairy godmother changed Cinderella's rags into a beautiful ball-dress. Their artistic gift ekes out scanty purses, and they are elegant in apparel which costs little in time or money. Sewing is a pastime to them; after two or three hours' work they are as fresh as daisies, and will accomplish more in half a day than their less gifted sisters will in a week. They never can understand what a torment sewing is for those who don't like it; who plod along, drearily sticking the needle in and out, invariably doing everything the hardest way, forgetting what they are about, and sewing the wrong pieces together and having to rip the work out, just as they imagine it completed.

It will not do to judge harshly from appearances. Mrs. R's dainty ruffles may not cost her any more time and strength than Mrs. W's plain folds do her. Still, if these skilful fingers could only be satisfied to do plainer

work, how much time their quickness might save not only to their fortunate owners, but also to others who vainly try to "keep up" with them.

But I hear Mrs. Motherly exclaim, half indignantly: "I don't see how all this applies to me. I never had an elegant dress in my life, and I am sure I don't take one needless stitch in my children's clothes. But when you think how the knees and elbows push through, how the skirts and sleeves grow short, and how the old material, which I must use for economy's sake, wears out before its time — you see the necessary sewing for three or four little children is a great burden. If I could only afford to hire some of it done!"

One instance of actual practice is worth a good deal of theory. So let me tell you a true story.

"Once upon a time" the mother of a family of little children found the long summer days coming on apace, and the pile of little unfinished dresses and skirts and jackets growing larger instead of smaller. She struggled bravely for awhile to diminish it herself,

but as the days grew warmer her strength grew less. The children needed more and more attention, and still that sewing loomed up before her, a perfect Hill Difficulty. A seamstress for a couple of weeks could do the most important part of it; the rest she could finish at her leisure. But a seamstress would cost money, and where was it to come from; for as is the case in a good many families, there were more ways for dollars to go out than for them to come in, and everything seemed economized to the last degree already. At last she thought of her summer bonnet. In the spring she had bought a dark-brown straw and trimmed it plainly, saying to herself, "When warm weather comes I'll have a delicate summery bonnet. It is so pleasant on a hot day to put on something light, and fresh, and pretty. My last year's hat was "fussed up" out of old, and vexed my soul every time I put it on." But the price of a bonnet would pay a seamstress as long as she needed one. One Sunday as she was dressing for church, she took out the brown straw and tried by smoothing out the wrinkled ribbons

and "perking up," as women do, the mussed daisies, to give it an air of freshness, then shook her head and said, "It's of no use; I can't and I won't wear that all summer. It looks hot and shabby already."

That week things were worse than ever. The teething baby needed constant care. The little girls complained of their warm woollen dresses, and wished mamma would hurry up and finish their light cambrics. She snatched every spare moment for sewing and grew nervous and irritable over the hurry and confinement. Sunday came again, and with it a nervous headache. Too worn out to go to church, she lay on her bed and thought—"What a fool I am! What difference will it make if I do wear that old thing? I hate the very sight of it now. But I can't go on this way; I shall be dead and buried long before summer is over, and then what good will forty new bonnets do me?"

On Monday, before her resolution had time to cool, she engaged the seamstress, and before long had the satisfaction of seeing her little girls in their fresh print dresses, baby in his

short clothes, and was comfortable herself in cool cambrics and lawns. And she wore the brown straw triumphantly through the season, though sometimes when she saw the dainty bonnets of her neighbors, she sighed a little, yet the remembrance of the afternoon naps she had taken, the books she had read and the twilight walks and talks she had had with the children, all of which that old brown straw had bought, was quite sufficient compensation for her self-denial.

It is very easy to let time slip through our fingers, even when doing only necessary work. There is so much about woman's work that may be made to spread over hours or crowded into minutes, according to the way you do it. If you believe in gilding refined gold or painting the lily, or if you are one of those unfortunates who walk around in a peck measure all day, your work, however simple, will never be done. I once heard a lady describe her dressmaker as such a wasteful cutter, "because she cut right into the whole cloth for everything, without the least attempt to see if she could do anything with the

pieces." A great many women use their time in just the same way. They fill up whole mornings with little, unimportant things that might as well be crowded into odd minutes, and start their large enterprises just when they cannot finish them without serious interruption and delay. System accomplishes as much in housekeeping as in anything else. It it a great help to have a plan for each day thought out the evening before or early in the morning. By this I don't mean a cast-iron, inflexible frame, in which you and your family are comfortable, but a judicious, practicable idea of what you wish to do that particular day; a plan flexible enough to allow for unforeseen emergencies, yet firm enough to keep you steadfast to your purpose. A wise foresight will have always ready some light sewing to "catch up" when your neighbor runs in for an afternoon's chat, or your husband wants to read you something from the last magazine. Your fingers can be busy while your mind is free to listen. It is the half-hours of idleness that makes the "drive" and overwork when crowded into a corner.

There is yet another superfluity to be given up, if we would gain time by saving it, which can hardly come under the head of work; viz., much of so-called "society," not simply fashionable society; those who are absorbed in that have little time or thought for personal culture, except to furnish material for the evening's "small talk." But there is a good deal of aimless running back and forth, many of these little evening gatherings and tea-parties, where nothing more important is discussed than Mrs. Smith's new baby, or whether polonaises are to be worn or not. These all take time without rendering any equivalent for it.

No one more than a mother of little children, who is tied to a never-ending routine of distracting cares, needs the refreshment which comes from an occasional neighborly call on some congenial friend. It is a change, as well as an interchange, of thought. They compare experiences, and she goes back to her duties with clearer eyes for having taken an outside view of her home as well as an inside view of other people's. Even ceremonious calls are very useful as an expression of courtesy to

new-comers, and a means of keeping up a half-formal acquaintanceship between those who wish for that and nothing more. We must give some time to other people besides our own families, or we shall grow narrow and selfish; but it ought to be in such a way that both we and they are the better for it. But where our calls consist principally in getting inside of Mrs. A.'s handsome parlor and wondering what did possess her to buy such a queer carpet; and she, on her part, to think it extravagance for one in Mrs. B.'s circumstances to wear such a handsome velvet cloak, the time is worse than wasted. Haven't you seen in driving through some of our Celtic suburbs two frowsy-headed Irish women with sleeves rolled above their red elbows exchanging confidences over a rickety fence, while the open door into the cheerless cottage discloses a vista of general untidiness beyond? This is not so very much worse than much of the "visiting" which many women in better circumstances indulge.

Can't you remember the mental and moral exasperation with which you have felt the price-

less minutes of an especially busy morning slide forever away, while politeness forced you to sit helpless, listening to the aimless chatter of some voluble acquaintance? The smell of burning cookery may come up from the kitchen, or the sound of the baby's fretting from the nursery; but, like the "wedding guest" held by the "cold, glittering eye" of the "Ancient Mariner," you

Cannot choose but hear.

Women are singularly slow to comprehend that their time is worth anything in dollars and cents. The elegant lady-clerk who condescends to show you kid gloves while she makes a scornful mental inventory of your visible wardrobe, as well as the servant-girl in your kitchen, have little idea that their time is purchased by their employer. How they will fritter it away, and how abused they feel if they are brought to an account for it! This disregard on our part of the value of time is one reason for men's contempt of women's work.

It requires resolution and steady perseverance

to withdraw ourselves, day by day, from the petty things that crowd up for notice, and to bestow our attention upon mental culture. You must expect to be misunderstood sometimes and criticised often. Somebody will be sure to say, "Oh! she's strong-minded," or, "I believe she affects literature." And one of these same critical somebodies will be sure to "run in" to your sitting-room some unlucky morning when Bridget hasn't returned from her cousin's wake, and you are wrestling with the breakfast dishes in the kitchen, getting the children ready for school, binding up the baby's burnt fingers, and trying to trade with the ragman all at once. Of course your husband's dressing-gown and slippers and morning paper lie just where he dropped them (he is the best man in the world, but he cannot be taught to see any disorder in leaving his occasional articles of wearing-apparel anywhere and everywhere), and of course the children have just raced through the room, leaving muddy "tracks" and cracker-crumbs, and all the doors open behind them. Perhaps your visitor, if she be inclined to say severe things, will close her description to her friends

with, "Oh, well, the rest of us could get time for reading and all that if we should let things go at 'sixes and sevens,' as some people do!"

Console yourself by thinking that some of our most able literary women have been excellent housekeepers. Remember how Charlotte Bronté stopped in the midst of some of the most exciting passages in "Jane Eyre," to go out into the kitchen and take the black specks out of the potatoes, unknown to poor old "Tabby," rather than hurt her sensitive feelings by ordering the younger servant to do it. Remember what a devoted mother to her numerous and fast-coming brood of children, Baroness Bunsen was. Think, too, of the excellent cook-books which such busy literary women as Mrs. Whitney and Marion Harland have written.

It is one phase of the popular unjust judgment of women, even in these liberal days, that it regards literary women as necessarily neglectful of household affairs, in the face of well-known facts to the contrary. A man of undoubted genius may be never so absent-minded, his financial affairs may get into the wildest confusion, and people only

smile and say, "Well, one man can't be everything." But if it is a woman, no matter how great her ability, if her parlor table is dusty, or if occasionally the buttons are off her children's boots, people shake their heads solemnly, and say, "Oh, these literary women!" Perhaps the secret of the prejudice is, that there are those who affect the eccentricities of genius without the genius itself, which alone makes the eccentricities endurable. De Quincey, speaking of his mother, says, "Though unpretending to the name and honors of a literary woman, I presume to call her (what many literary women are not) an intellectual woman." So, although leaving household duties neglected in order to write weak articles for still weaker papers, may be the fault of a so-called literary woman, it is not a characteristic of one who is either intellectual or womanly. The popular verdict is right, so far as this, that a mother's first duty is to her family, and nothing which conflicts with and forces her to neglect that, is either womanly or proper. Be very sure that your family are contented and comfortable; that your husband

finds your intelligent sympathy and counsel an aid to him in his work; that the children's place in the mother's heart is warm and ample; in a word, that your culture is but a gathering up of precious things to be poured out for their benefit, and you can snap your fingers at what your neighbors say and think.

After all, these things are relative. What to one family is a luxury, to another may be the most pressing of necessities. The society in which we move, the reasonable demands and wishes of our nearest friends, our own tastes and abilities must all be considered before any one of us can answer the question, "How can I gain more time for my own personal culture, without neglecting any essential item of my daily duties?". In this matter of "time," there are no patent rights, and no monopolies. We each have all the time there is; our mental and moral status is determined by what we do with it.

CHAPTER II.

HOW TO USE THEM.

TAKING it for granted that without neglecting our families we can in these various ways save an hour or two a day, the next question is, how we can use them to the best advantage, for it will be very easy to let the time gained slip through our fingers even after we have worked hard to get it.

The first thing is to set apart some definite time in the day for this purpose. Consider that you have earned it. You certainly have, if a long day's work can do it. Talk about the ten-hour law! I wish every mother of little children could get her whole day's work into twelve hours. Most mothers find their heads and hands employed till the younger children, at least, are in bed. Take that hour, then, as early in the evening as possible. I

know the mending-basket will loom up before you; there will be a three-cornered rent in Mary's school-dress, boot buttons will be off shoes that must be put on in the morning; but do only what is imperative, and let the rest go. Impress it on your mind that you take this time, not as a mere selfish indulgence, but to fit yourself better for your other duties, and obstacles will vanish.

Perhaps your tired head and nerves will refuse to read anything serious. Then laugh over "Alice in Wonderland," or H. H.'s "Bits of Travel." Whatever hour you choose be resolute about taking it. There will be plenty of necessary interruptions; accept these cheerfully; but do not let trifles interrupt you, and do not be yourself guilty of making any unnecessary hindrances. You will be fortunate if you can average four or five evenings a week. But that time steadily improved for a year will accomplish an amount of work which will surprise you. You have probably heard the story of the young man who read Macaulay's "History of England" in a few months, by reading a little every day while waiting for his meals. The books lay on the parlor table of his boarding-house, and

while his companions were "fooling," as they appropriately called it, he read a few pages, finishing the volumes long before he or any one else would have supposed it possible. After awhile you will find yourself planning your work ahead and crowding other duties closer, so as to leave this time free, just as your boy expedites his hoeing in the garden when there is a base-ball match in prospect.

When the first hour is over, if you *must*, take up your work again; you will at least have something better to think of than your servants' failings or the neighbors' gossip. Add to this time all the little odd minutes of the day. Keep your book (with a mark in it, so that you can open it instantly to the place) where you can catch it up when you are waiting for John to come to dinner, or holding the baby or watching the baking of your cake. Only take warning from King Alfred's example, and don't let the cake burn.

First of all, however, be careful not to fritter away the best of the hour reading the paper. There is a deal of time wasted over newspapers. Now *don't* look at me that way, nor say in that severe tone, "We must read the papers. We ought to keep informed about events in our own

country, at least." Granted; but how does a woman read the papers? She generally begins with the first thing she happens to see on the first page, without much regard to the arrangement of that particular journal. If political news comes first, she reads a little on that subject till she thinks, "Oh, this is stupid," and then her wandering eyes light on the column of jokes and anecdotes. Perhaps close by is a "fashion chit-chat" or a "what to wear" article. She reads this, of course, with a vaguely virtuous hope of getting some idea about making or selecting her winter wardrobe, though experience ought to have taught her that practical ideas are seldom found in a fashion article. In the next column is the local news, including a thrilling account of Tom Jones's runaway. She knows T. J. and is interested to hear that "the spirited animals were finally controlled with no more serious damage than" — etc. Next comes the notice of Miss Crœsus's wedding. To be sure she don't happen to belong to that "set," and so was not invited, but she feels a mild flavor of second hand delight at the glowing descriptions of the bride's superb point-lace and her general gracefulness, and it is certainly worth knowing that the

"bridesmaids, Misses Gusher, Puffer and Troddle, daughters of some of our most wealthy and influential citizens, were radiant with the charms of their youthful beauty." If she is "musical," she must read about Madame Hi-puff's concert, in order to learn that she treated somebody's concerto "with exquisite phrasing and delicate shading, and that her *technique* was almost perfect, especially in the *arpeggio* passages." If artistically inclined she must look at the art notices. It is worth some sacrifice of time to know that "our young townsman, the gifted Mr. Burnt-Umber, throws his whole soul into his pictures," that he has a "judicious feeling for nature," and displays "great breadth of treatment," and "depth of color," and "vigorous handling." Her imagination delights itself in the description of his "wonderful *chiaro-scuro*," "the crispy freshness of his foliage," and "the juicy tenderness of his greens." By this time half an hour or more has gone and she has not read the paper yet; that is, has not read to learn about important current events.

Now, how does a man read his paper? He first reads whatever is of value in his particular business, then the news from Washington, if Congress

is in session; next, that from Europe; then fires and failures, and the money market; after that, if not too hurried, he turns to the editorials, or searches out items of especial interest. In fifteen minutes he is ready to lay the paper aside.

In planning to use our reading hours to the best advantage, it is well to remember that it takes no longer to read the best than the poorest. It is easy to spend time enough over some foolish newspaper story, to read one of Shakespeare's plays. Keep on hand some good, hearty book with "meat" in it, chosen because you are really interested in it, not because it is "considered" the correct thing to read. If you are too tired and sleepy to read anything difficult, try something light, but let it be the best of its kind, not "slops." It is a good plan to have some book like Howell's "Wedding Journey," or Warner's "Back-log Studies," to read in the odd minutes and in those evenings when you are too thoroughly tired in mind and body to read anything heavier, and keep the "hearty book" for the times when you are fresher. The great danger of this is that the easy reading becomes so interesting that the steady, substantial work is crowded out. But are we not sometimes frightened into thinking

that good reading must necessarily be tiresome? Novels with exciting plots are more fatiguing to a brain weary with the distractions of woman's work than a thoughtful essay or a majestic poem? It is not stimulus that is needed, but change. In Macaulay's "Essays," or a good translation of the "Iliad," the perfection of the style or the music of the rhythm falls on a tired spirit like showers on the thirsty earth. Yet fatigued and busy women stir up their already excited nerves with Charles Reade or Wilkie Collins, and then complain that they "can't read evenings; it makes them so nervous they can't sleep.

Women sometimes think they will not be interested in the standard English classics, just because they are standard and classic. Not long since an intelligent lady was telling me how surprised she was to find Bacon's "Essays" so interesting. She said: "I was lying on the lounge in my husband's library, one evening, after an unusually wearisome day, and took it up because it was the nearest book, and I really felt as if I could not go across the room for another. I was perfectly absorbed before I knew it, and read for an hour with a sense of freshness and exhilaration which I had not

known for a long time. I felt as if somehow I had got back to the beginning of things. I had always supposed that Lord Bacon, being very learned, was therefore very dull and entirely beyond my comprehension.

If you like history,

> The world is all before you, where to choose;

if you are fond of science, you cannot fail to be interested in the papers and books in this field — never so numerous and never so well adapted for popular reading as now. If you imagine any of these departments "too literary," and cannot be happy without a novel, there are works of fiction that are as important a part of one's education as — quadratic equations, to say the least: "Romola," Ivanhoe," "Hypatia," "David Copperfield," "Pendennis," "The Scarlet Letter." Just think of all the books so well worth reading, and yet people will continue to draw out of the libraries dreary "society novels," or poor translations of worse French and German love-stories! It is like eating apple-skins and potato-parings

when bananas and oranges might be had for the picking! Bishop Potter says, "It is nearly an axiom that people will not be better than the books they read." Consider, therefore, what kind of books you read.

No doubt many read poor books because they do not know just what they want. The catalogue of the library is a bewildering labyrinth, and they choose books at random, for a "taking" title, or because somebody else says they are splendid. To avoid this, it is a good plan to make a list of books and authors that you wish to read. Have in your work-basket or table-drawer, where you can lay your hand on them easily, some slips of paper or a little memorandum book and a pencil. If you have to go into the next room or down-stairs after paper, and then hunt up a pencil, and perhaps a knife to sharpen it with, the chances are that you will never make your list. Then if in your reading, or in conversation with some one who knows, you find a tempting allusion to some book or author, you can "make a note of it." With your list in your pocket or your head, you can go to the public library and intelli-

gently choose something you really care to read and which will pay you for the time you spend.

There is very little difficulty in getting good books. Most of the large cities and towns have well-selected public libraries, and in smaller places half a dozen ladies, by a systematic exchange of their own and their friends' books, could find good reading enough for several months at least. Very few people would refuse to lend books to a club of ladies, were some one of their number responsible that they were carefully used and promptly returned. The persons who really love books most devotedly, generally take pleasure in lending them to appreciative readers.

Not only keep on hand one substantial book, but let your reading run for awhile on one topic and its relations. A great deal of the good of our reading is dissipated by leaving one subject before we have read enough about it to clinch it in our minds. The next topic taken up pushes the first one out before it has had time to get rooted.

Now don't conjure up an elephantine vision

of a ponderous "course of reading." The very name is depressing, for it recalls to almost every one some discouraging experience. In the ignorance and enthusiasm of girlhood, I asked a "bookish" elderly clergyman for a "course of reading." He very willingly handed me a list of books covering a sheet of commercial note paper, made up largely of such works as Rollin's "Ancient History," Grote's "Greece," Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," and Buckle's "History of Civilization," with Whately's "Evidences," and Butler's "Analogy," for a diversion. With a commendable desire to be thorough and to begin at the beginning, I attacked Rollin. On account of some trouble with my eyes, half an hour a day was all I was allowed to read. By chance I happened to mention what I was doing to an enterprising sophomore of my acquaintance, who asked merrily:

"How long do you suppose it will take you to read Rollin, in half-hour installments?"

"I'm sure I can't tell," I answered.

"Well, somewhere between ten and fifteen years," he replied; "and you may expect to finish your list sometime in the next century."

The very thought so frightened me that I never opened the book again, not even to count the pages to see if he was right.

But this is reading by course, not by topics. A friend of mine tried to read Macaulay's "History of England," without much knowledge of the detail of English history. She found so much of which she knew nothing taken for granted as familiar, that she grew quite discouraged, and gave it up. One day she saw the "Student's Hume." Here was the very book she wanted, and taking that and the "Student's France," for a basis, she constructed a course of reading to meet her own necessities. She began with the Norman conquest, for she had no interest in the endless squabbles of the Saxons and Danes. (Some time afterward, however, when she was tracing the rise of the European nations, she was glad to read this earlier history.) She read first the story of the reign of an English king, then that of the contemporary French sovereign, at the same time weaving in a woof of poetry, romance, and biography. Bulwer's and Tennyson's "Harold," made the

times of the Norman conquest vivid and real; "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," and Shakespeare's "Henries," filled out the pictures of the days of the Plantagenets and Tudors; the "Abbot," and "Woodstock," gave her the "local coloring" of the times of Mary, Queen of Scotts, and Cromwell. She ran over some of the Erckmann-Chatrian tales and Dicken's "Tale of Two Cities," for a more vivid idea of the awful days of the French Revolution. The gossipy "Queens of "England," (abridged edition) showed her how the royal wives and mothers felt and acted, and Victor Hugo, in "Les Misérables," furnished a thrilling description of the battle of Waterloo. In this manner, with a poem here, a novel or biography there, she made up a glowing mosaic of the most important events in the history of the two countries nearest allied to our own, and with none of the tedium which belongs to the popular idea of reading history, and was thus prepared to enjoy Macaulay, Thiers, or Carlyle. How much more satisfactory her two or three years' work than if, like a humming-bird, she had sipped a little here, and a little there, and alighted nowhere!

Green's "Short History of the English People" (the revised edition) is even better than the "Student's Hume," for the framework of such a course of reading, and Yonge's "Parallel History of France and England" has the important events arranged in tables, to enable the eye to assist the memory.

The deeply interesting story of the downfall of the Roman Empire, the progress of Christianity, the growth of the Church, the invasions of the barbarians, and the rise of the modern European nations, can be read in the same manner with the "Student's Gibbon" for a basis, with Charles Kingsley's "Roman and Teuton," White's "Eighteen Christian Centuries," and Creasy's "Decisive Battles of the World," to group events and trace out causes and consequences, Guizot's "History of Civilization" for the profounder philosophy of history.

The modern discoveries in astronomy and chemistry made by spectrum analysis, form another intensely interesting group of topics. One must read scientific books, however, as we make children's dresses, with great tucks, and "turnings-in," to allow for growth.

Take some standard work on English literature for the basis of another set of subjects, and read selections from the works of such authors as interest you most. Taine would be excellent for this purpose, provided you can get the "inevitable French flavor" out of your mouth afterwards.

Imagine the delight of a course of reading which should take in biographies like "Recollections of Mary Somerville," Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Bronté," Lockhart's "Walter Scott," Forster's "Life of Dickens," "Life and Letters of Macaulay," "Memoir of Charles Kingsley," "Autobiography of Harriet Martineau" and supplement each with two or three of each author's best and most characteristic works, and with extracts from the writings of his most noted contemporaries. Why, one could move in "the best society" all the while, and that without the bother of dinner-parties and new dresses, either!

Reading by topics in this way necessitates the cultivation of the art of judicious "skipping." Not by any means a picking out of the easy passages and excluding the difficult ones — often just the reverse; but a selection from

the book of what you want now. Another time you may want something entirely different. Suppose you are reading "Romola," and want more information about Savonarola and his times. The first four chapters of Grimm's "Life of Michael Angelo" will be just what you need. You may leave the rest of the book till some future day, when you wish to trace the intricacies of Florentine history, or are interested in the life of the artist or the history of art. Many people who would never have patience to read the whole of the first volume of Taine's "English Literature" would enjoy very much his chapters on Dickens, Tennyson, and Macaulay, especially if they had just read some of the works of these authors. Others, interested in the rise of the English language and literature, would turn to his opening chapters with equal enjoyment.

When you find what you want, pounce upon it, whether it is in the last, middle, or first chapter. It is not necessary to begin at the beginning of the world. Begin right in the very middle of things, wherever you are interested, and "read out." When you have got

out, you will want to turn around and "read in" again, to the place you began. A recent writer maintains that the best method is to read backward, taking the present as a vantage-point of vital interest, and searching for causes.

Gibbon is said to have read from several books at once. One topic would suggest another in a different book; that would broaden out into something else; that to something still different, until he had a dozen books piled up about him before he was ready to return to the original work.

Do not be afraid that your reading will be disconnected. Everything must hang on to something else, and have something else hanging on to it. Group the events around some central point, and then what goes before and what comes after that will take their proper places naturally.

Or, again, let the different events in the history of a nation or a century be strung on the thread of some important idea. In English history it might be the rise and progress of English liberty; and then John and the Magna

Charta, Henry the Eighth's defiance of the pope, the Stuarts and Cromwell, and a hundred other persons and events will fall into line. In mediæval history let it be the progress of Christianity, — and the confusion and clamor of sects, the roar and smoke of battles, will be only the cloud of dust that conceals, not impedes, the march of human progress.

But you say, "I can't remember history." Don't try to. Most people try to remember too many details, and end by forgetting everything. Here, as in every other department of knowledge, you must "dare to be ignorant of many things, that you may not be ignorant of everything." It is not the detail of battles and generals and kings and emperors and prelates, and assassinations and dethronements and dates that you want; it is the march of events — "the swing of the centuries." The details are useful to give vividness to your idea of the whole. If, when you read that "the first century of the Christian era was characterized by a series of execrable emperors, who by their extravagance and their crimes were sowing the seeds for the dissolution of the em-

pire," you have no knowledge of the details; these words alone convey very little meaning to your mind, and are soon forgotten. But if this sentence brings before you Claudius and Caligula, and the martyred Christians flaming in tarred sheets as torches to light Nero's pleasure-gardens, it matters little if you have forgotten the exact succession, or the dates of each emperor's reign. Dates are great bugbears. Some people remember them naturally; for others, it is hard and unsatisfactory work. But almost any one can remember the century in which an important event took place. There are only eighteen since the Christian era; that is not very formidable. Group events together in centuries, and characterize each one by some memorable facts, or men, or discoveries. Make little lists of the representative great things in art, war, literature, science. The making of the lists will help you to remember them; looking them over afterward will refresh your memory without forcing you to read long chapters again.

But somebody asks, "If you go reading here and there in this manner, how do you know

what books you want, and when you get the books, how do you find out what parts you want?" Just as you do other things. *Look* and *ask*. By what mysterious freemasonry does a new fashion in hair dressing spread itself through the country? "French twists" break out in New York and Boston. In a week a few favored heads in New Haven, Hartford, Springfield and Worcester, are arranged after that fashion. In less than three months there isn't a young lady of any pretension to style in any town in New England who would think of wearing her hair in any other way.

One girl says to another:

"Did you see Mary New-fangle's hair last Sunday?"

"Yes; dreadfully unbecoming, wasn't it?"

"Of course; but then it is so stylish. I wonder how she does it."

"I don't know exactly, but I got a good look at it, and I think I know how it goes up."

So one retires to her room, and, after an hour's struggle with hand-glass and hair-pins, comes forth with that satisfying consciousness

of being in the latest style, which, according to Emerson, "gives a feeling of inward tranquility which religion is powerless to bestow." The other girl, on the strength of a greater intimacy with the fortunate possessor of the "French twist," makes her a morning call. Naturally she speaks of the becomingness of the new style, and asks her how she does it. Of course she gives the required information, and if she is good-natured, takes her friend into her own room and does it for her. Some of the thought and ingenuity required to follow the fashions would help to teach us what books we wanted.

Glance over the heads of chapters and table of contents, and you will soon find whether what you are looking for is in that book or not. Ask people who know where you can find the best reading on such and such a topic or epoch. The faculty of picking up information is a very valuable one, and like the skilful playing of the chromatic scale can only be cultivated by practice.

Reading in this way, too, soon awakens the desire to own books, as it shows the need of having

at hand a library — even if only a small one — of well-selected and standard books of reference. To wait till you can get the book you want from the public library is often to wait till your interest in that particular matter has gone.

How strange when books are such a "fountain of delight" that people gratify almost every other want first! How few young people of moderate means in furnishing a house make any reasonable provision for the buying of books! Yet often the difference between ingrain and Brussels carpets, common and cut glass, plain shades and lace curtains would be sufficient to make a good beginning for a library. And if the books were properly selected, and not of the kind that "cometh up as a flower," they would be as good as new long after the carpets have faded and the dainty goblets gone to the ash-heaps. When people know how to buy books there is nothing of which they can get so much for their money. Almost any family that can afford a piano could by a little self-denial have some good encyclopædia, and what an amount of information and culture may be gained by both parents and children by a habit of constant reference to it! Yet many people who consider them-

selves cultivated and intelligent, who perhaps wear velvet cloaks and costly jewelry, keep horses and smoke expensive cigars, content themselves with a showy edition of Dickens, half a dozen "blue-and-gold" poets, and a few miscellaneous books, and call it a library.

If you wish to get the full good of your reading cultivate the habit of writing something, either out of, or about, the books you read. You would probably wish to make a brief synopsis of the important facts and arguments in historical and scientific works. Of many other books it would be most natural to write a few words concerning the general impression the book makes on your mind, whether you like it or not, and the reasons for your opinions. It cultivates one's taste and judgment, as well as assists the memory. It helps, too, to get one's ideas about the books into some tangible shape.

I have a lady friend — by no means a lady of leisure — who for several years has made it a rule to write in a small blank book kept for that purpose a few words about every book she reads — sometimes an abstract of the principal points in the volume. A habit of frequent re-

currence to that little note book keeps her reading fresh in her mind. This is not formidable business if you do not attempt anything too elaborate. And even if it should take time and patience you may find your reward in the reflection that a few good books remembered are worth twenty poor ones forgotten.

CHAPTER III.

WHY WE WANT THEM.

After all this is the most important question, for unless we know why we want this time, we will neither try to save it, nor if we save it, care how we use it.

There is a large class of women whose one ambition is, "to have things like other people;" i. e., to have them a little better than their neighbors, or in the "latest style." Beyond that, there is nothing more to wish for, and any one who bestows much time or thought on anything else is a puzzle to them. You remember them as schoolgirls with what enthusiasm they would tell you all about the latest fashions, and how sweetly amiable they would look as they missed the simplest question in their lessons.

Besides these, there are other women who do not care for reading and study. Not because

they are frivolous, but, as they say themselves, "they haven't the head for it." They agree with George the Fourth. "What, what, what — did you ever see such stuff as Shakespeare?" Of course this is a misfortune, not a fault, any more than color-blindness or deafness is. But they must not try to limit other women to their own narrow horizon. Neither of these two classes will be interested in the answer to our question — why we want more time for reading and study? But there are a great many women who conscientiously think that they must give up their lives to sewing and housework, and feel grieved and disappointed that they have so little time for anything else. To read an hour a day seems to them as impossible as to climb the Himalayas, and they have been so educated by years of precept and habit, that they actually feel as if they were doing something wrong when they sit down deliberately with a book.

To be sure, sometimes, they are carried away by the whirlwind of a fascinating novel, but they feel, all the time, an uneasy sense of the necessary after repentance. Some of these women, however, will attempt any marvel of

fancy work or dressmaking, and "take no note of time." Now if these conscientious, hard-working women could only be convinced that their usefulness would be increased by reading, they would find time even among their many duties, for that which would help them to do more and better work.

Let us see if such is not the case, and if it is, will it not answer our question, Why? And we will begin with the very lowest and most selfish reason of all, viz: *Reading rests us, physically and mentally.* Said an overworked careworn woman, "It does me good sometimes to forget about my work for a little while. If I can put it out of my mind I can go back to it, and do twice as much as I could if I kept on when I was all tired out." Overwork of any kind unfits us for our duties, as we know by sad experience. How wretched those days are when we get up in the morning with every muscle aching and every nerve on edge; when a child's voice asking a question irritates us like a blow in the face; when we feel "as if we couldn't speak a civil word to anybody," all because we "overdid" house-cleaning, or

sewing, or preserving, the day before! This work may have seemed necessary. But this is only an additional reason for us to be economical of our physical strength. Now after some such day, draw up your lounge where the light will fall just over your shoulder, arrange your sofa pillows so that your head will be erect, while your spine and shoulders are supported, lift up your feet on the lounge and take your book. Try reading an hour in this position, and see if the rest and change of thought do not lighten your burdens, and make you forget your weariness.

The lawyer needs to get away from his briefs, the merchant from his ledgers, the mechanic from his shop. A man would soon go crazy who could not turn the key upon these things, however much his mind may revert to them from a distance. The men who have combined great power of work with great power of endurance, have been those who could enter heartily into something else when the working day was done. But a mother with young children cannot get away from her work. It wakes up in the morning with her (generally *before* she does), and

goes to bed beside her at night. If she leaves the children it is only for a short time, and that with an uneasy sense of direful accidents to clothes, if not of life or limb. But she can sit, with her cares and comforts asleep up-stairs, or maybe at her feet, and

> Gloriously forget herself to plunge
> Soul-forward, headlong into a book's profound,
> Impassioned for its beauty, and salt of truth.

As much as she needs to read for the sake of her children, she sometimes also needs to read that she may forget for the time being that she has any children.

This habit of reading will also be of great comfort to us if our lives are quiet and commonplace. We shall not fret, and chafe, and long after excitement and gayety if we are shut up in solitary farmhouses or in unfrequented and unfashionable by-streets. We shall not be "driven to go to bed at nine o'clock, evening after evening, because there is nothing going on," like some uninteresting young ladies I once heard of, nor dread winter evenings and rainy days, for we shall have plenty of company.

But laying aside the thought of our own rest and comfort, let us look a little higher. *For the children's sake we must make the most of ourselves.* Many an unselfish mother has said, "Oh, I cannot take all this time, there are so many things to do for the children." She does not realize that she may do more for them in the end by cultivating herself than if she spends all her time on clothes and cooking. A generosity which makes the recipient weak or selfish is not a blessing, but a curse. Have you not seen grown-up sons who snubbed their mother's opinions in the same breath with which they called her to bring their slippers? The meek little woman has "trotted around" to wait on them so long that they have come to think that that is all she is good for. Their sisters keep "Ma" in the background because she "hasn't a bit of style," and is "so uncultivated," forgetting that she has always worn shabby clothes that they might wear fine ones; that her hands have become horny with hard work that theirs might be kept soft and white for the piano, and that she has denied herself books and leisure that they might have both.

And there are other children, too noble for such base ingratitude, who feel a keen, though secret sense of loss as they kiss the dear withered cheek and think how much more of a woman "mother" might have been if she had not shut herself away from the culture and sweet companionship of books.

The love even of husband and children to be permanent and valuable, must be founded on genuine respect for character. Every mother has a right to time for mental and spiritual development as really as she has a right to sunshine and air, and to food and sleep. She cannot exist physically without the one; she cannot grow mentally and spiritually without the other. If she throws herself so energetically into her duties as seamstress and nursery-maid that she has no time nor strength for anything else, ought she to be disappointed if in the end she receives only seamstress and nursery-maid's wages? Is there a more beautiful sight than a circle of grown-up sons and daughters with their mother as the chief centre, not merely of physical comfort, but of intellectual and spiritual companionship?

Where the tall son, preparing his Commencement essay, reads the first draft of it to his mother, being sure that her intelligent criticism will be helpful and stimulating; where the daughters select the choicest bits from the new books to read to her, because "mother always enjoys the best things;" and when the schoolgirl, lost in the bewildering maze of mediæval history, or mental philosophy, instinctively thinks, "I'll ask mother about this. If she don't know herself, she'll know what book will help me out."

She must have brains, you say, to be this. Of course she must, and most women do have more brains than they get credit for; the trouble being that they do not know how to use or cultivate what they have. She must love her reading and study, that she may have enthusiasm to arouse, and tact to sustain, the children's interest in these things. If she is musical, the practice hour under her supervision will be no longer a distasteful drudgery. If she loves history, mamma's true stories of Columbus and Arthur, Hannibal and Alexander, will be better than fairy tales. If she is fond

of poetry, the children will listen entranced to the "Lady of the Lake," and the "May Queen," to the melody of Longfellow, and the ballads of Whittier. If she enjoys scientific studies, she will set the boys, armed with hammers and baskets, to turning over every stone-wall in the country, not after chipmunks, but after minerals for their cabinets. They will shut up and feed great ugly caterpillars, and eagerly watch them turn into gorgeous moths and butterflies. The girls will come to her with flowers from every ramble, as I saw a four-year-old "tot" last spring go running to her mother with a little basketful of dandelions and "pussy-willows," to ask for an "atomy" (botany) lesson.

Charles Kingsley's mother "was full of poetry and enthusiasm, with a love for science and literature." If Lord Byron's mother had been a Monica, his fate and influence might have been very different. Lord Macaulay says, "Affection has at least as much to do as vanity with my wish to distinguish myself. This I owe to my dear mother, and to the interest which she always took in my childish successes."

In contrast to all this, is it not pitiful to see

a mother made of such pallid, neutral stuff, that she is only a negative element in the formation of her children's characters? Yet some of the zeal which goes into the latest fashions or into pie-crust would give her time enough for these other things. Remember that to every child (till he learns better) his mother is the ideal of everything that is noble and beautiful in womanhood. Happy the child who never is, because he never needs to be disenchanted! And on the other hand, as Ritcher says, "Unhappy the man whose mother does not make all mothers interesting."

A mother needs to read, also that she may learn the best methods of managing and educating her children. Now laugh and say something about "old maid's theories." This is the place for it. It is true that one great-hearted, quick-witted mother without a "speck" of theory, but rich with the wisdom of experience, will do better in bringing up a family than twenty old maids stuffed full of all the theories ever made or books ever written. Yet such a mother could not read Abbot's "Gentle Measures with the Young," or Harriet Martineau's "Household

Education," without being helped at least to realize something of the importance of her work. But she must have time to think as well as to read. She needs to look carefully at each child's peculiar disposition, and to think about her management of it. She must ask herself whether she is patient enough with the heedless, firm enough with the rebellious, stimulating enough with the indolent, thoughtful enough for the sensitive, and winning and tender enough with the reserved and undemonstrative. It is a fearful thing for a mother to be so absorbed in work of any kind as not to be acquainted with her own children, for sometimes her sins of omission are more fatal than her sins of commission.

Another reason why a mother should read is that she may direct the children in the choice of books. It is as important in these days to teach our children what to read as how to read, else they are at the mercy of a flood of trashy fictitious literature. Hear what a New York librarian says: "You would be surprised to know the number of books young girls manage to get through with. I have an unceasing call for works of fiction. Some of these young misses average two or three books

a day, and the more 'love' the better they like them." But how can a mother direct her children if she seldom reads at all, and then nothing better than such books? How can she educate unless she herself has been educated by careful reading into an appreciation of what is really good? A well-read mother can direct her boy to adventures as marvellous as those of the cheapest fiction, in the chapters of Doctor Kane and Doctor Livingstone, to stories as interesting in Jacob Abbott's histories of kings and heroes. Her girls need not devour Miss Braddon's and Mrs. Southworth's novels, while there is Mrs. Muloch-Craik, and Mrs. Charles, and Mrs. Whitney. Children are generally glad of suggestions about, and interest in, their reading, if it is only begun soon enough, and done in the right way.

"But how can I do all this," asks a young mother despairingly, "with this little baby in my arms?" Comfort yourself, my dear woman; he will not be a baby in your arms always, and even if brothers and sisters take his place, they must grow up, too. For a few years they will fill up the most of your time. But if you only realize that the quality of your character is to enter into the

make-up of his mental and moral status, as truly as the quality of his oatmeal porridge is to enter into his bodily substance, you will not put all your energies into the care of the one, and leave none for the cultivation of the other.

A woman may do all this for the sake of her husband, as well as for her children. Sir James Mackintosh said of his wife, "To her I owe whatever I am; and to her whatever I shall be." We need only to mention the names of Lady Augusta Stanley, Mrs. Disraeli, Mrs. Seward, Mrs. Mill, and Mrs. Charles Kingsley, to understand what a help a cultivated and intelligent wife may be to a husband in public life. A gentleman who stands at the very height of his profession said only a few months ago, of a friend just called to one of the most important and honorable places in this country, "He is thoroughly a self-made man, except in so far as his wife has given him the assistance of an excellent mind."

But you say at once, young men are afraid of "superior girls;" they do not want "gifted" wives. That is because they share in the popular delusion that a "gifted woman" always is a being with indefinite back hair and inky fingers; whose

table is set with sour bread and sticky crockery; and whose children roam uncombed and untaught, a terror to the neighbors. But it is a delusion, after all; for there have been women who were "domestic," and yet they were not entirely absorbed in the quality of their soft gingerbread, or the heels of their children's winter stockings. In a New England village lives a bright-eyed little woman, whose excellent classical education is of practical assistance to her husband. He is a teacher. She corrects the Latin exercises of his classes, does all her own housework, and takes the entire care of her little child, and does it all well. Her house is bright with plants and flowers, and "like wax-work" in its beautitul neatness; she is always tastefully dressed; her child has that unmistakably air of being happily and tenderly cared for, and her Latin is *not* like Aurora Leigh's Greek —

* * * lady's Greek,
Without the accents.

A woman's influence and work should radiate beyond the circle of home life. Here, at once, we stumble involuntarily upon a most perplexing dis-

cussion. We have had the question of woman suffrage dinned into our ears with such an unceasing clatter that some women have a latent suspicion that everything said about lifting them above their common-place routine is a part of some secret plot to take them, willy-nilly, from their quiet homes, and make them presidents or governors, or at least judges of police courts at once.

Women of quite ordinary capacity will say, perhaps holding in their hands the fashion-book they have been diligently studying for half an hour, "Well, I like these other things very much; but, after all, you know a 'woman's proper sphere' is among domestic duties" — words as true as mathematics, unless made an excuse for indolent lapsing into stupidity.

It is quite pertinent to ask, What is woman's proper sphere? Every true woman instinctively feels, whether she confesses it or not, that a woman's happiest place is, as Mrs. Browning says, in

> The sweet, safe corner of the household fire,
> Behind the heads of children.

Such a home is almost the ideal of almost every girlish heart. But there are some who never have it. To enter upon life with the desire to get such a home, is to defeat that very purpose, or to obtain in its place a miserable substitute; for, like every other gracious gift, it comes, not by seeking, but in its own natural way.* With some the bright vision of married life has faded in its realization into a cruel mockery. With others the black pall of bereavement has shut the very sunshine out of the heavens. In other homes, the woman's heart yearns for the little ones who have never come, and she looks forward to a future where her name will always be written "childless." What shall these do? Because the heart is desolate and the hands are empty, must the heads be empty, too? Let us not deceive ourselves. Whether a woman works in the shelter

*I think those married women who indiscriminately urge their acquaintance to marry, much to blame. For my part, I can only say with deeper sincerity and fuller significance what I have always said in theory: Wait God's will. — *From a letter of Charlotte Brontë, in Reia's Life.*

of her own home or outside of it, she has duties to society and an influence over it, which she cannot avoid. How good or how broad that influence may be, depends upon her intellectual and moral culture. We must not be hindered from any possible attainment by the fear that we shall be suspected of sympathy in a movement which so many of us regard with distrust. Just as some women drag their long dresses through the dirt, for fear if they shorten them that terrible somebody, of whom we are all so afraid, will think they want to wear the hideous "Bloomers."

Whatever the past may have been, we know that in the future woman can and will take any place she is competent to fill. *She ought to wish no other.* It is of little use for women to whine over their "wrongs," or to storm and scold at "man's tyranny." Men are quite as willing to give us a place in the ranks of the world's workers as we are to earn it, or to let other women earn it, in peace and comfort. It is well to remember that whatever has helped to elevate woman to her present position has been done by those brave spirits who have res-

olutely wrought at their chosen labor, ignoring the petty ostracism of their next-door neighbors, who called them "singular," "eccentric," or "strong-minded." And it takes some courage to bear just that, especially if the woman is also sensitive and longs for the approbation of others to supplement the approval of her own conscience. Did it ever occur to you how much more comfortable it must be for ordinary mortals to have the cordial sympathy of the people one must see every day, than to meet chilling indifference or downright opposition from them, even if a distant public applaud — especially if, as is usually the case, the public praise brings with it the public right of criticism?

No, we must be careful not to judge harshly those who are called to work outside of the beaten paths. We do not know how the woman's nature has drawn back, how the woman's voice has pleaded, "Who am I, that thou shouldst put such a word into my mouth?" how, perhaps, the hindrances of home life have been stricken away one by one, till she is fain obliged to listen to the voice, either from within or without, which calls her to her task. When a woman has excep-

tional gifts, she has probably an exceptional work in the world to do, and ought to do it.

Let the suffrage question take care of itself. It sinks into insignificance beside the more important and practical one: Are American women doing the most that is possible with the opportunities they now possess?

LETTERS TO A YOUNG MOTHER. — I.

BABY'S SLEEP.

My Dear ——: I was greatly interested in your letter, especially in what you had to say about the "new baby." But I hardly know whether to be more amused or flattered at the idea of your asking me for advice about managing him — me, who consider myself an inexperienced young mother, too. Why, Mary is only six years old now. Yet six years' experience is better than six months, and there may be something in your idea, that the mothers of grown-up children forget a little just what they did do, when their children were "wee babies." And, to tell you the truth — to whisper it between you and me — I don't like to ask these old experienced housekeepers and mothers many questions. There is such a flavor of superior wisdom in her answers;

their "doxy" is so unmistakably orthodoxy, and everybody else's "doxy" heterodoxy; and they don't agree among themselves, either. Mrs. Superior Wisdom will tell you that she always managed her babies this way, while Mrs. Self-complacency declares that she treated hers diametrically opposite, and "my children," she says, with an unanswerable sniff and toss of the head, "turned out about as well as most people's children, after all."

The great fact which we are all apt to forget in talking about the management of children is, that no two babies are just alike, and what suits one case perfectly, will work mischief in another. As Mrs. Partington says: "There's as much difference in folks as in anybody," and babies are only "folks" just started.

You remember that old fellow we studied about at school, with his iron bedstead, who cut off the heads of those who were too long, and stretched out those who were too short? Well, don't try to bring up your baby after that fashion. It is worse than useless to have a set of inexorable rules. The rules

should be made to fit the baby, not the baby the rules.

In the simple matter of putting baby to sleep, Mrs. Superior Wisdom will say in her lofty way: "I don't believe in rocking or cuddling babies at all; I always used to lay mine right down on the bed, and go away and leave them. If they cried, they might cry till they got tired." Now, Mrs. Superior Wisdom's children are what grandmother Badger calls "white, still children like dipped candles by natur'," with no more nerves than an oyster; of course they would lie still and go to sleep, they didn't want anything better. But with a child who inherits a nervous temperament, who is so wide awake all over, that it is a slow process for muscles, and nerves, and brain to quiet themselves, sleep must be coaxed. I know all about it. Didn't I listen to Mrs. S. W., and out of the depths of my conscientious desire to be a Spartan, sensible mother, put my oldest baby to all manner of unnecessary misery? She was a nervous, excitable child — now, if over-tired, will lie broad awake for an hour or two in the middle of

the night — and I let her cry herself to sleep, well, more times than I shall another, if I have forty. And her poor father was insane enough to think he must "spat" her to make her stop crying and go to sleep. "It was nothing but temper," he said, while I, poor misguided wretch, aided and abetted him! There ought to be a petition in the Litany — "From all our negligences and ignorances, Good Lord, deliver our children!"

And then by way of contrast, is my baby a serene little specimen of perfect health, who will be put into her bed wide awake, and settle herself down in the pillows just as you or I would. But let me warn you against rockers. I have brought up two in a rocking-cradle, and one without, and I am decidedly "anti-rockers." You may say, that you don't rock the baby much, only "jog" him a little to keep him asleep. In a short time the young tyrant rather likes the "jogging" process and keeps awake to be rocked, and you wonder why the baby don't sleep nights. He wants to be rocked as in the day-time. "But how do you get them to sleep?" you ask.

First, see that they are well-fed — a half-satisfied stomach is a sure enemy to repose — and warmly wrapped up, especially that the feet are warm, not hot or perspiring, and that the room is rather cool and darkened a little. Their brains and eyes need darkness just as ours do, and what refreshment do we get from sleeping with sunshine or lamp-light shining right into our faces? If it is evening, and you use your sleeping-room for your sitting and sewing-room, be sure that the air you've breathed all day is "let out" and fresh air "let in" before baby is put to bed for the night. Take him into another room, close the register, and open the windows and doors for ten minutes. By that time the air will be thoroughly changed. Then close the windows and open the register, and in a short time you can bring the little one back into a fresh, yet warm room. It would save many a restless night, if this simple rule were oftener observed.

All this granted, the matter is comparatively easy. If you nurse your baby, as I hope you do for your own comfort and his too, he will

probably drop quietly asleep in your arms; if you feed him, then lay him gently down in his crib. If it is winter, have the pillow slightly warmed (not heated through and through before a hot register,) but just enough to take off that unpleasant chill of cold cotton. He will probably nestle his little cheek into it and go right to sleep. If he cries a few minutes, don't mind it, he will soon stop; but, if he screams violently and seems quite positive in his own mind that he don't like it, take him up and "cuddle" him to your warm cheek and rock him a few minutes (don't walk with him, out of regard to your own back, for he is growing heavier every day); "mother" him a little, and ten chances to one, the little head will drop softly down, the warm breath will come steadily and regularly against your neck, and you will sit with the little form nestled close and warm. Nobody but a mother knows just how sweet it is to have one's own baby calmly asleep in one's arms.

Now, all this seems like a great ado about nothing, perhaps, but when you think just what their sleep is to them, it is very important.

They are in a new and wonderful existence; they are learning how to use their muscles, their eyes, and their ears; their little brains and nerves are taxed severely. They are not only keeping up the waste of their bodies as we do, but rapidly adding new material, in a few months doubling their weight. Now, their sleep renews their strength, especially keeps their brains and nervous systems from being overtaxed. A child that sleeps well is almost always a healthy child, and *vice versa.*

To get the full benefit of this sleep, they should have favorable conditions for it, warmth, quiet, darkness. They should not be permitted to be exhausted by excessive crying, nor disturbed by noise, but should be kept in a calm and comfortable state all over. Yet, I have heard mothers speak approvingly of putting their babies to sleep in the same room where they were talking over their sewing, and where other children were at play, and all the bustle and stir of three or four people, busy at various occupations. "Oh! they get used to it, and it's so much bother to take them into another room!" A mother should

not ask herself what is the easiest way to get along and have the most time for ruffling her dresses or making calls, or pickling and preserving, or scrubbing paint, but in what way she can give her little one the best start in life, and insure the harmonious development of all his powers and faculties. And several hours out of the twenty-four spent in healthful, restful sleep, will go a long way toward the "sound mind in a sound body," which you wish your child to possess when he grows up.

So you see there's a philosophy in baby's nap as well as in some other things. I believe that Sir Joshua Reynolds's motto applies to the case of children as well as to painting pictures: "God does not give excellence to man, save as the reward of labor." If you want to have healthy, well-developed children, it will be only by that wise attention to detail, which is the very soul of success in everything.

But I shall weary you with my "preachment." If you are not "talked to death," this time, I may write you again about baby's food and clothing, and half a dozen other things.

LETTERS TO A YOUNG MOTHER. — II.

BABY'S FOOD.

My dear——: I am very glad if my "advice," as you call it, was of any value to you; and now you ask for more — this time on the subject of feeding the baby. In answer to your questions, I shall simply tell you how I managed mine. My ideas may not suit either your notions or the baby's. In that case, try something different. If you only take *common sense* for your guide, you won't go far astray. Oh! if I only could, wouldn't I found a Professorship of Common Sense in some of these new female colleges, for the sake of the poor little babies to come, whose mothers will be educated in everything else except a common sense-i-ble way of doing every-day things. But that's a digression; now to business.

When my babies were four or five months old, I found it necessary to feed them a little.

At first, it was only sweetened milk and water once or twice a day. Gradually I increased the number of times, and also added other things, like thoroughly boiled oatmeal and hominy, Graham crackers and milk, etc., till, by the time they were a year old, they were weaned without knowing it, and also had quite a "bill of fare." I fed them with a spoon, too, from the beginning; and, though it was a little more trouble at first, it saved me the necessity of weaning them from the bottle. I also taught them to drink from a small cup before they were six months old. They spluttered and spilled it at first; but it was so convenient a way of feeding them in the night, that it paid for the extra trouble, and they soon learned to take it nicely. And that reminds me how grateful they are for a drink of fresh water occasionally. I have seen a fretful baby quieted by that when everything else failed. Ice rubbed on swollen gums, and then allowed to melt in the mouth, will afford great relief to a teething baby. In your choice of food, be governed by the state of the system. Some children need aperient, others astringent food, and different articles at

different times. By watching matters yourself, you can regulate them perfectly in this way without medicine, which should always be a *dernier resort.* The maximum of mother and the minimum of doctor, you know. A healthy child ought to live the first two or three years of its life (and a good deal longer) without knowing what medicine is for such purposes.

Another important matter is to be regular in your times of feeding them. A ten months' old baby should have its five or six meals a day as regularly as your three. Their stomachs need intervals of rest as much as "grown-up" ones, and will become accustomed to it very readily. My little Katie, just one year old, has her first breakfast soon after waking — say before seven o'clock; her second meal before her morning nap — about ten; her dinner which I make the heartiest meal, and at which I try any new article of food, since she can digest it better then than earlier or later — between twelve and one; her supper at four or thereabout, and her "night-cap" about six — just before she is undressed and put into her crib. If she wakes late in the evening, I give her a drink of milk;

but she doesn't always want it, and when she is a little older, I can accustom her to do without it.

The pernicious habits some children have of eating at odd hours is enough to destroy the best natural digestion. Their appetites have no *zest* to them, and they eat so little at the regular meal, that they soon begin to crave something more, and, taking a little then, destroy the real healthy *hunger*, but do not satisfy the stomach's needs; and so they go — never really hungry, never fully satisfied. A healthy, well-trained child will seldom ask for anything between meals. Yet there are exceptions to such a rule. Let a child come down stairs after a restless night, on a hot, sultry morning. He feels the need of food, yet the appetite rejects anything that is not tempting. Suppose he is helped, as children are in so many families, on the principle that anything is good enough for a child. The scorched, tough ends of the steak, a "messy" (pardon the word, but it fits) spoonful of warmed-up potato is "dumped" upon his plate. It does not look nice to begin with, nor, to tell the truth, does it taste much better. He

takes a few mouthfuls, enough to satisfy the immediate hunger, then wants to run back to his play, always especially engrossing about meal-time. The mother, too busy or careless to notice what he has eaten, lets him go, and wonders by ten o'clock what makes him so cross or so listless. After such a breakfast, or rather no breakfast, by eleven or twelve o'clock he begins to ask for something to eat. If the mother manages her children more by rule than by "judgment" (as the cooks say), she sternly refuses. "It isn't good for children to eat between meals;" or she goes to the other extreme and gives him a sweet cake or some candy or too much of something else, any of which equally defeats the poor stomach's struggling attempts towards an equilibrium.

But let the watchful mother, remembering his light breakfast, at ten o'clock, or long enough before dinner not to interfere with it, give him a cup of milk with a few Graham crackers, or a piece of bread and butter or a little fruit, just enough to give the stomach strength to wait till the next proper meal. We know by experience that there is such a thing as being too

hungry to eat. Now, suppose, instead of the breakfast I have described, he finds a dish of fresh berries with a bit of *nice* bread and butter at his plate (alas! so few families know really what good bread and butter is) or a saucer of oatmeal smoothly cooked and rather thin, with plenty of milk or cream, but not thick and dark and pasty as oatmeal is apt to be. By the time the hearty part of the meal is served he is ready to eat it, or if not has taken something really nourishing, what there is of it. A child's appetite, needs to be encouraged at proper times, that it may be discouraged at improper times. Take care that your children eat heartily of wholesome food at the table, and they will not trouble you between meals. And here I think sometimes particular, careful parents make a mistake. They are constantly repressing a child's appetite, as if to eat too much was one of the great dangers. I sometimes see children of well-to-do parents who actually look under-fed, whose mothers are constantly saying at the table, "No, you have had enough. You do not need any more." A healthy child's appetite ought not to urge him to over-eating provided, and

here is the root of the trouble, *provided* the food is of the right quality. If a child is allowed to make the principal part of his meal from the dessert at dinner, or the cake and sweetmeats at supper, he will eat too much. Haven't you been "out to tea" and seen children crumble up their biscuit without eating it, and then eat two or three large pieces of rich cake?

I take it for granted that you will not feel satisfied if your child is merely free from actual disease; you want him to be positively healthy, ruddy-cheeked, strong-limbed, active enough to enjoy a winter walk without taking cold, vigorous enough to bear a summer's heat without "running down," full of overflowing life and animal spirits. Then you will need to ask yourself regarding his food, and to ascertain, not only what won't hurt him, but what will give him the best material for building up bones and muscles, nerve and brain tissues; in short, what sort of timber you will furnish him to build his house with. I often recall what an old doctor said to me concerning children's taking cold: "They don't have croup or lung fever from every unnecessary exposure; but a certain part of their

vitality, which ought to go toward their growth, is expended in resisting the evil influence." So with food.

There are plenty of things which grown people eat without much thought (and I don't know that it does them much harm,

> For they are old and tough,
> And can eat them well enough,)

articles which are neither nutritious nor easily digested, but which it is sheer robbery to feed to children; for instance, pies, rich cake, sausages, indeed pork in any form, fried things generally, all kinds of hot breads and biscuits, doughnuts, griddle-cakes, etc. These should all be tabooed in the nursery.

And people give them to their children in this land of plenty, where there is such a variety of prepared cereal food, oatmeal, cracked wheat, hominy, Graham flour, rice, corn starch, etc., and where, the whole year round, fresh, luscious fruit of some kind is always plenty and cheap. Compare a dessert of apples or oranges to one of mince pie, or a breakfast of beefsteak and oatmeal to one of sausages and griddle-cakes!

Yet, I have heard mothers say who have brought their children up on a course of griddle-cakes, doughnuts and soda biscuits: "Oh, I let my children eat anything; there is no use in being fussy, and they're as well as most people," in the face of the fact that no one of them enjoys really robust health; that unusual fatigue overcomes them completely, and head-aches and billious attacks abound. Some people seem to think that as long as their children are not writhing in the actual agonies of the stomach-ache, nothing has hurt them.

"But you don't object to griddle-cakes," I hear you say. "Why, we had them almost the year round for breakfast at father's, and we children didn't eat anything else."

There is just the mischief of it. Two or three light, carefully fried griddle-cakes to "finish off" a substantial breakfast of meat or fish might have a negative virtue, though I doubt if they could have a positive one; but for a growing child to take, on a fasting stomach, to begin the day's work with plateful after plateful of the leathery, grease-soaked compounds that go by the name of griddle-cakes, with syrup or

molasses to complete the mischief — it seems as if a little reflection would teach the most ignorant mother better. For those who give them to their children for supper, I haven't a word to say. "They are joined to their idols; let them alone."

After all, the question isn't, What is the minimum of care and thought required to bring children up to the point where they can take care of themselves? but, What is the maximum development of all their physical and mental powers? Has the average man or woman so much physical health and mental culture that we can afford to cast aside as unnecessary any helps to a higher standard of physical development? How quickly your eye singles out in a group of children the rosy cheeked and thoroughly healthy-looking ones! They are the exception, not the rule. You may see intelligent faces, perhaps, but heavy eyes, pale cheeks and narrow shoulders; children entering in life weighted with a body which will fail to do half the work they have a right to expect of it. Now, isn't it worth while to give the little folks a fair start?

It is a very solemn thought that the usefulness and happiness of their mature years will be largely augmented or diminished by their health of body; and for that we mothers are directly responsible. I know there are hereditary taints and predispositions to disease, and that no human foresight can altogether prevent accidents and contagious diseases; yet, for a child's normal physical condition, his mother is really responsible. At all events, he should have no worse constitution than he was born with, and, if possible, a better one.

Did you ever think of all it meant to you as a mother in those passages where Paul speaks of our bodies as being made fit temples for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit?

But I have said enough to set you thinking, and remember that "the best living is to make our lives the fruit of our best thinking."

LETTERS TO A YOUNG MOTHER.—III.

THE QUESTION OF DISCIPLINE.

My dear ——: "How *tempus* does *fugit*," as the college boys used to say! To think your last letter has lain unanswered so long, and that baby is almost two years old! And besides after my long delay, I shall have to be so ungracious as to give you the bitter tonic of a little scolding — I told you you'd repent asking my advice — for, from the tone of your last letter, I am afraid you're making one of the commonest mistakes of young mothers. You say you get almost discouraged; your little boy has such a naughty temper, and it is so hard to make him obey you; you never would have believed that a child so young could be so self-willed and passionate. Will you think me very cruel if I tell you that I'm afraid you're as much to blame as he is, and that the root of the dif-

ficulty is too much sewing-machine, and too little fresh air! You sit down in your nursery with the baby playing about on the floor, and take care of him and sew all day, going out but seldom; isn't that so? I can hear your answer already — "Yes; but how can I help it? I can't leave him much with the girl; the kitchen floor isn't a fit place for him, and she's too busy to take proper care of him. If I go out I must take him, and to stop and dress him and myself uses up so much time out of the very best part of the day, that I don't seem to accomplish anything with my sewing. Besides, I am making him some of the sweetest little dresses, with such cunning little tucks, that I can't bear to leave them."

And so you sew on, impatient at every interruption. Your very interest in your work making you "hurry to see how it is going to look," the atmosphere of the nursery growing more and more charged with mental electricity and bad air, till finally the little fellow makes some request more unreasonable than any previous one, but which, if you were in your

best estate, you would refuse so pleasantly or substitute something equally good so readily that he would be quite satisfied. Instead you are provoked that he should ask anything more when you are half-killing yourself (as you think) for him now, and you give him an angry denial. Then comes a storm of angry crying; your irritated nerves respond with an equally angry (shall I say it? Oh! poor human nature, it's true) shake or even slap. He answers back saucily, or refuses to obey you, perhaps even strikes at you with his puny little hand, and then you must punish him. But in what state of mind or body is either of you for that most difficult and delicate task — a *just* and *fair* punishment. The affair degenerates into an angry quarrel between a strong person and a very weak one. Well for you if, before the thing is over, the little fellow doesn't say between his sobs, as I heard a child say once, "Mamma, I didn't mean to be naughty; but you beginned it, mamma!"

With what a sinking heart and reproachful conscience you look back after your passion has cooled off, and very likely, unless you are

a good deal wiser than most of us, feeling your injustice, you undo what little good your discipline may have done, by injudicious indulgence afterward. And — what has become of your sewing? Now, suppose you philosophically say, I might as well take care of this child out-of-doors as in the house; and so you and he go out for a walk, leaving your nursery windows open meanwhile. How changed everything is when you return! How much better he behaves! you say; and I doubt not if he could speak, he would say the same thing of you. "But the dress isn't finished that day." No, but "as the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment," so are red cheeks better than white dresses, and a happy heart than a ruffle.

Then on long hot summer afternoons there is a deal of moral suasion in a good bath and fresh clothing, even if he has had his regular "wash" in the morning. I have seen three or four children behaving like a troop of snarling little savages, transformed by a course of cold water, hair brushes and a few clean clothes, into a company of pleasant, well-behaved, civil-

ized little Christians. If children's clothes are uncomfortable, either too tight or too loose, they will sometimes be cross from that alone. Think of the miseries children endure from tight skirt-bindings, loose underwaists that drag down on their shoulders, stockings that won't stay up, and hats that continually slip off!

There will come times, too, when the child makes a direct issue against your authority. Such a moment is a very serious one, and no mother ought to enter upon the conflict without lifting-up of the heart to the source of all wisdom for guidance and discretion.

You must remember that in this matter of government you are aiming to teach your child not merely to mind you now, but how to govern himself when he grows up; for he will not always have you to teach him. You are to instruct him to have command over his passions, and appetites, and will, and inclinations, just as in learning to walk he learns how to control and use his muscles and sinews. Not to "break his will," not to put him in subjection, but to teach him to control his will by his reason. To do this he must learn to obey

you, because it is right he should; because you are set over him as an authority for him till he is old enough to be an authority for himself; not because you have whipped him into a fear of you. I will not say that a child brought up on this principal will always spring at your bidding like a well-whipped hound; but I do think he can be trusted to obey as well in your absence as in your sight, and competent to see the right from the wrong in any ordinary emergency of temptation.

It is very important not to allow your punishment to be cumulative; that is, not to heap one thing on top of another. Because a child has done wrong and been punished, to refuse him his good-night kiss, or something like that, is to a sensitive nature sometimes sheer cruelty. Remember that the child has not forfeited your love; you are not angry with him, but with his offense, and may combine the strongest indignation against that, with the most loving tenderness and yearning over him. The punishment over and the child repentant, consider the matter settled, and never allow any one, especially a servant, to taunt him with it afterward.

I was quite surprised once to hear an amiable lady tell how angry she was made when a child, by an old colored servant who said to her with an indescribable sneer, "Oh, your father had to whip you, did he?" The lady's eyes flashed as she said, "I have never forgotten how like a tiger I felt; I could have killed the old woman if I had been strong enough."

Another important thing is to give the child time enough to understand what you do want, and to see the reasonableness of your commands. Don't spring at him in a highwayman, your-money-or-your-life fashion: "Mind me instantly, or I'll thrash you." Many a child has been fairly startled into disobedience, by the suddenness of his parent's commands which aroused his natural resistance before he fairly comprehended what was wanted. Of course a parent must sometimes require instant and unhesitating obedience; but when children are accustomed to see that you have good reasons for your commands generally, they will obey without reasons when it is necessary they should. On this account punishments which give them time to think over matters are better than

those which simply inflict pain. For instance, if a child meddles mischievously, and you wish to teach him to let things alone, tie up the offending hands, and make him sit still half an hour. You don't *hurt* him physically at all, as a smart "whipping" would; but the restraint teaches him the lesson without pain. If he runs away, tie up his feet. But let me say in passing, do not send a child to bed supperless as a punishment. It is a barbarity. Did you ever know a grown man or woman who wasn't made cross and ugly by lack of food, and we punish children not to stir up all the hatefulness in them, but to make them see their naughtiness and have no more of it.

There will be times, and I say it in all sadness, when nothing will answer but the rod. But this does not mean an angry beating, nor even to break the yardstick over his head. (A good conscientious mother actually told me once, quite unconscious of any thing queer about it, that they hadn't any yardstick; her husband had broken it, punishing the children.) It should always be the last resort, and never, *never*, NEVER when the parent is angry. Stop and think about

it, be sure you are right and just and calm. Then do it, if you must, with a firm mouth and eyes full of tears. I have seen a father punish his child in that spirit, and the instant the punishment was over, the little creature crept up into his arms, and laid her head on his broad breast, while he was not ashamed to let his tears mingle with hers. Such punishments will not come very often, and I believe need never be necessary after a child is six or seven years old. Perhaps I can explain more clearly what I mean by teaching a child to control his will by telling you a little incident which happened in my own family only a few days ago. You know what a quick-tempered, impetuous little whirlwind Mary was. She has wonderfully improved in self-control, and we haven't had any "tantrums," as she calls them, for some time. Just before dinner is always a bad time for discipline, for the best-tempered child is apt to be cross when hungry; therefore, avoid the occasion as carefully as you would a conflict with your servant girl on Monday. It was at that unlucky hour that I, unawares, and in the most innocent manner, raised the

demon of temper. Mary passed in front of me as I sat sewing. It is a bad habit of hers, and I pleasantly told her to go back and go behind my chair. To my amazement she flew into a passion, and though she threw herself angrily back into her place by the window, she absolutely refused to pass out behind my chair as I wished. What should I do? Here was direct disobedience. She must obey me for her own good; but how should I make her do it? Punish her till she did? or appeal to her sense of right in the matter? In the calmest voice I could command in my surprise, I said to her: "Mary, you know that it is perfectly right for mamma to ask you to do this. If you do it pleasantly, it won't take you a minute; but if you are cross and ugly about it, you will grow crosser and uglier every minute, until by and by mamma will have to punish you severely in some way." Reaching over and kissing her forehead, I added, "Mamma doesn't want to punish you, but you *must* do as I say; now how much better to do it of your own accord." But there was no response to this; nothing but angry defiance in look and tone. I spoke more

sternly this time — "Now, Mary, you must do as mamma asks you to, because it is right you should. Neither mamma nor you can go down to dinner till you come out behind the chair properly; you are making us both very unhappy because you are determined not to do right." Still there was no relenting. I arose and made preparations for dinner, showing that I expected she would do what was right — a great help in itself sometimes — then quietly seated myself again and waited. She was still angrily twisting herself about and thumping on the window-sill. "Mary," said I very sadly, "are you going to oblige me to *make* you mind me by punishing you? Can't you obey me because you love me and know what is right? There is a very naughty spirit in your little heart now. That same naughty spirit makes grown-up people do very, *very* wicked things; are you going to let it have its own way now? If you do, by and by it will be a great deal stronger than you are."

"Why don't you *make* me mind you?" she said sullenly.

"Because you know yourself just what you

ought to do, and I want to give you a little chance to do right yourself. But I can't wait a very great while. If you don't do it yourself I shall *have* to make you do it, because, my dear child, God has given you to me that I may teach you how to grow up to be a good woman, and if I don't make you obey me, I sha'n't be obeying Him."

I waited a few minutes in silence. Suddenly she flounced out and rushed across the room, passing behind the chair. "There, I did it," she said angrily, "but not because *you* wanted me to."

"Well, then," said I, "you ought to go back and do it because I wanted you to." Somewhat to my surprise, she walked back and stood sullenly there.

"Now," said I very pleasantly, "will you not come out as you ought to?"

I had arisen from my chair in response to some call from one of the younger children, and reached my hand toward her. She came directly forward, took my hand and burst into tears, completely subdued. I took her in my lap a few minutes, bathed her hot face and

eyes, and said a few soothing words to her. The dinner bell rang, and we went down to dinner. I said nothing more about the matter then, diverting her mind by some pleasant stories and cheerful conversation, and giving time for her nervous agitation to subside. After dinner, when I saw that she was quite calm, I took her to my own room, and taking her in my lap, had a long talk, telling her why it was that we must obey — everybody had to obey something; she would have obeyed the naughty spirit if she hadn't obeyed me. Ever since she has been old enough to understand it, we have always, after any naughtiness of hers, had a quiet talk about it, followed by kneeling down together and asking help from God to keep her from doing wrong again; so I was not surprised when she whispered in my ear, "Mamma, hadn't we better tell Jesus about it?" And when I heard her penitent voice broken by sobs, saying, "Dear Jesus, I'm sorry I didn't want to mind mamma; please forgive me and make me always mind her and you too," I felt she had learned a lesson in true obedience which she would never forget.

"Well," you say, "this is all very well; but how shall I begin with my two-year-old little tot? I can't go through such a course of reasoning with him." Of course not; but suppose a case, where you appeal to what little reason he has. You know all about the reckless, indiscriminate way such babies have of seizing everything they can reach — your work-basket, table ornaments, and such things. The mother's first impulse is to put everything out of the way, and I have been in rooms where the baby's entrance was the signal for a grand stampede of everything movable and breakable. Now, a better way, I think, is to allow things to remain — unless it is something very fragile and choice — and when his lordship "grabs" at it, to take hold of his hand, shake your head and say "No, no," in a very decided tone. He will probably make a brave fight to get it; but if he sees the "No, no," means No (and you may have to snap his fingers pretty sharply before he sees it), he'll soon learn there are some things which have rights which even he is bound to respect. There is a great difference in children about it; but with time and patience I believe they

can all be taught (and sooner than most people think) that there are certain things they mustn't touch — and here is a beginning in self-control.

If you once have a clear idea of just what you want to do, you will be able to find ways to do it from day to day. You will be surprised how easily and naturally the little fellow will learn, and how one day's teaching will prepare the way for the next day's opportunity. It is "here a little and there — *a good deal.*" With patience, care and common sense, you'll find your boy at six years neither a cringing mean-spirited little sneak, nor an uproarious tyrant; but a manly, happy obedient child. Try it and see.

LETTERS TO A YOUNG MOTHER. — IV.

HINTS ON EDUCATION.

My dear ——: I am going to write you to-day about the education of your little boy, something which, perhaps, you have scarcely thought of. I imagine I can hear your tone of amazement as you say; "The education of a two-year-old baby? Why, he is too young to learn his letters even." Certainly he is, and I hope he won't know them for at least three years to come. But learning the alphabet, important as it is, is very far from being the first step in a child's education. Education, you know, is a leading out of our faculties, a kind of mental getting our tools in order in such a way that we can use ourselves to the very best advantage. Now, these little people come into the world, developed, in some respects, but little better than jelly-fishes, which

somebody says, consist of a mouth and a stomach; but every year, or month I might say, different and higher sets of faculties are developed. How much a child has to learn the first three years of his life! First, the eye must be taught to see, and in seeing, it learns, unconsciously, many things about the laws of color, size, and distance; then the muscles and sinews must be trained to act in obedience to the will, and the body must learn the art of balancing itself (by no means an easy task — if it seem so, learn to skate.) Later comes the learning to talk, which is something like learning German or Greek, with organs unaccustomed to utter intelligible sounds.

The busy handling and tasting which little babies do are not mere idle amusements, but the efforts of the senses to carry impressions of this strange world to the rapidly-developing brain. First, the child sees an object, then he reaches to take it; in other words, to feel of it — then into his mouth it goes, to be tasted. Compare this process with the way you make the acquaintance of a strange object — a new

dish at the table, for instance. At first you look at it rather critically (if it don't look nice, you think you "don't care for any, thank you"), but if you are of an inquiring turn of mind, and also courageous, you take a little on your plate, and then "poke" at it with your spoon, because you're too well-bred to take it in your fingers; but the impulse is to find out how it feels — whether it is hard or soft, rough or smooth. If you are with other people, you delicately inhale its fragrance; but if you are by yourself, you get a good sniff at it, to see what it smells like; then you are ready to taste it. In other words, you learn about new things just as the baby does.

You must take your baby just where he is now, not much more than a little animal, and educate his physical nature, so rapidly developing. For instance, he has just reached the climbing age. Every chair and stool is a worry to you; and a pair of stairs is a perpetual terror. Now show him how to get up and down the stairs, how to place his feet in climbing up into chairs. Let him tumble a little. It will only make him more careful.

It is but a foretaste of the hard schooling which experience gives us all our lives. Better a little fall with you close by to stop it at the right place, than a great one when you are "off-guard" some day. (Remember that too, when he is in his teens.) But, I beg of you, if you want to see him grow up active, strong-limbed and agile, do not keep his white dresses too clean, nor tie his sashes after the present uncomfortable fashion, so that he isn't conscious of any legs above his knees. Then, let him feed himself. He'll make a miserable mess of it at first, but protect him well with bib and tin tray, and he'll soon teach his spoon the way to his mouth. Let him burn his fingers when the stove is not very hot; he won't touch it when it would be dangerous.

As he grows older, and his intellectual nature begins to wake up, his endless "why?" and "what for?" are the keys with which he unlocks the hidden treasures of the strange world he has come to live in. As Tennyson says:

> In children a great curiousness is well
> Who have themselves to learn, and all the world.

I doubt if we always think of that when their irrepressible curiosity drives us almost distracted. When he comes running to you with some queer thing or other he has found, or asks you why you do this or don't do that, you may be sure that his perceptive faculties are beginning to stir themselves. Tiresome as his questions are, they show that his mind is wide-awake and ready to receive on that subject at least. A question he asks you, all eagerness, to hear your answer, is worth twenty you ask him sometime when he doesn't care a fig about it. Parents often persistently snub their children and "shut them up" for six or eight years, and then wonder why teachers never can get them to "open out" again. "Such teachers!" they say. "The children don't take the least interest in their lessons," never thinking that they did their best to take all the edge off their minds before they sent them to school to be "sharpened up." Even if the subject is one quite beyond your boy, and he can't understand your answer very well, the fact that he knows something about it will prepare his mind for a clearer understanding

of it the next time he meets it. Of course it is of the first importance that your explanation shall be correct as far as it goes. Besides this, it is a source of great comfort to a child to feel that his parents care enough about what interests him to talk with him about it. May not the decrease of confidence which parents complain of in their grown-up children have its beginning in the days of childhood, when neither father nor mother could spend time to answer their questions, and other people did?

In addition to teaching him about the things he naturally notices himself, you wish to show him how to keep his eyes and ears open to everything about him. His senses are his teachers, and the things he sees and touches are what interest him first. If his senses can be trained to accurate and constant observation, he has the elements of education in himself, whether he has the advantages of the schools or not. He will always

Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks.

This can be done in a great many ways,

varying according to the tastes and mental capacity of the children as well as the different circumstances and talents of the mother. For instance, a mother is out with her children for a walk in the country, wheeling the baby's carriage. The children spy some flowers growing by the roadside, and ask in eager child-fashion: "Oh! what's that, mamma?" It is very natural and easy to say, "Oh! don't touch it, it's nothing but a horrid weed — perhaps it's poisonous." The children's interest is dulled at once, and they run on, presently finding something else. The answer this time is, "That's a thistle; don't try to pick it; you'll prick your fingers." And so the mother trudges along, wearily thinking over her plans for to-morrow's breakfast, or wondering if her last year's travelling suit would "make over" for a school dress for Susie, while the children go frolicking here and there, getting into mischief, and, very likely, having a scolding before they get home, and all gaining nothing from their walk except the freshness which physical exercise and pure air bring to us in spite of ourselves. Now, suppose she says

as the children bring her the flower, "Why, that's a Scotch thistle; how did you manage to get it without pricking your fingers?" an implied commendation of the child's skill which he likes as well as you the praise of your canned strawberries. ("Hardly any one succeeds in keeping the real fruit flavor, you know.") The mother goes on to say, "See the pretty soft purple color, with all those 'prickers' around it, like soldiers guarding a beautiful queen. Do you notice how each flower, as you call it, is made of a great many little flowers? And there's one gone to seed. Get it, Charlie, if you can, and let's look at it." Now, the children's interest is wide awake, and they ask a whole bookful of questions. Baby, in her carriage, begins to be impatient at the interruption of her ride. "Let's walk along, and I'll tell you a story about it." So the mother tells how once when the English army was creeping up at night to surprise the sleeping Scotch, a bare-footed soldier stepping on a thistle alarmed the camp with his cry of pain, and the enemy were driven back in defeat, and how the

Scotch, in memory of the event, adopted the thistle as their national emblem. The children enjoy the mother's interest in what has interested them; she, in her turn, is refreshed by the change of thought from her ordinary cares; and they all come home invigorated mentally as well as bodily.

Perhaps some day, in years to come, bending wearily over school-books, the child reads the incident of the thistle in his history, and, as a flash of lightning illuminates a room at midnight, the whole scene stands out in his memory; the green-bordered roadside, the warm, level rays of the late afternoon sun touching the spires and roofs of the distant city, his little sister in her carriage, his mother's smile and voice; and the whole lesson is brightened by this reflection from his boyhood. In ways like these, you can bind yourself with silken cords about his future. From what wrong and wickedness in his restless youth and early manhood little memories like these may beguile him, you cannot tell.

To advance a step farther from the realm of simple sight and touch, there are many his-

torical stories which are as fascinating as fairy tales; for instance, King Alfred and the burnt cakes, Columbus seeing the light on the shore after his three weary days of watching, or Washington crossing the Delaware. These things, once committed to a child's memory, are never "dropped out" as so much later acquirement is, and they will serve as pegs to hang historical knowledge on hereafter, or as centres around which he will naturally group other facts. One such story will make a whole reign or epoch seem real to him. You ought so to instruct your child that he will find when he begins to study, that he knows a great many things about history, geography, and the physical sciences even, which he never can remember not to have known, nor where he learned them; but there they are, a fertile sub-soil for other seeds to grow in.

I meant to say something about the cultivation of your boy's literary taste, but I see that I must reserve that until another letter.

LETTERS TO A YOUNG MOTHER.—V.

THE CULTIVATION OF LITERARY TASTE IN CHILDREN.

DEAR ——: When I wrote you the other day I said something about the various ways in which little children can be educated long before they are old enough to go to school. Their literary taste, also, can be cultivated at a very early age. Now, don't misunderstand me, and say you don't like precocious children, like Macaulay, for instance — for, between you and me, I think he must have been an insufferable little "prig," if he did all the wonderful things his "Life" says he did. Children can learn to like the good things in our literature, and need not be confined to a mental diet of "Mother Goose." Not that I don't believe in "Mother Goose." Nothing ever can take the place of "Boy-Blue" and "Bo-peep." But be-

cause children like molasses candy, are they never to have beefsteak and bread? And *en passant*, let me suggest what an excellent basis "Mother Goose" makes for stories, when a mother's wits fail under the insatiable demands for "a story, a new one, something we have never heard before." Take "Jack Horner;" dress him up in a new name, and, with variations and details innumerable, *a la* Susan Coolidge, make a new story. You can even smuggle in a little moral about selfishness if you're skilful, and then end by repeating the immortal verse, and the children's shouts of laughter will repay you for the exercise of your imagination. And here let me whisper what a help such a story is, when you're doing disagreeable things, like washing their ears, or combing snarls out of their hair, at which even good children fret and twist about.

But I was speaking about cultivating a child's literary taste. I know two little girls, aged seven and four, who, quite unconsciously, have made the acquaintance of some of the writings of our best poets, and find great delight in them; and are learning to appreciate good

things in a perfectly natural, child-like way. The eldest was a very nervous, excitable child; it was almost impossible to quiet her to sleep, and she was very wakeful at night. When she was about three years old, her mother began reading to her at bedtime some of those pretty little pieces of poetry for children — such as are found in so many collections like "Hymns and Rhymes for Home and School," "Our Baby," and the like, and found the rhythm so soothing to the child's restless nerves, that she committed several to memory, to use when the book was not at hand. She kept the little book or newspaper scrap in her work-basket, and when she was holding the baby, or could do nothing else, she learned a stanza or two. She soon had quite a collection at her tongue's end, and now it is part of the bedtime routine for mamma to repeat one or two. The little rollicking four-year-old, a perfect embodiment of animal life and spirits, generally calls for Tennyson's "Sweet and Low, Wind of the Western Sea," while the older one is charmed by Mary Howitt's pretty ballad of "Mabel on Midsummer Eve," sweet, pure, good English, all of

it. I watched the elder child as she stood at the window beside her mother one wild November morning, looking at the dead leaves whirling in the wind, while the mother recited to her Bryant's lines, "The melancholy days are come." It was almost as good as the poem to see the child's gray eyes kindle with appreciation as she eagerly drank in the words. One can see the influence of this culture in the little songs they make up for their dollies; a jingle and jargon, of course, but interspersed with remembered lines from their "little verses," and having withal a good deal of rhythm and movement about them. Their ear has been educated to a certain standard of appreciation, just as German children who grow up in an atmosphere of good music find delight in harmonies which are hardly understood by our less cultivated American ears. Of course, you must carefully select beforehand to suit the children's minds, and must explain similes and allusions.

On the other hand, if children's minds are so susceptible to good impressions, they are equally affected by bad ones. A child's world

is made up of the things he has already learned; and these things are conveyed to his mind by what he has actually seen himself, or by pictures and stories of what he has not seen. His imagination is as quick to supply "missing links" as the most enthusiastic Darwinian. What isn't there ought to be, so it's all right. Whether he lives in a world peopled by distorted, horrible, unnatural objects, or in one full of all lovely and pleasant ones, depends very largely on the pictures he sees and the stories he hears. If his picture-books are of the hideous order, in which a blue-bearded monster holds a sword over an equally horrible pink-and-scarlet woman, you must expect him to wake at night from dreadful dreams shrieking with terror, and imagining grotesque figures leering at him from every dark corner; and much more so if he is allowed to hear ghost and hobgoblin stories told by superstitious servant girls. Besides this, if his ideas of art are built upon the basis of a Punch-and-Judy style of picture-books, agents' engravings, or newspaper and tea-store chromos, he must pass through a long course of training before he is

capable of knowing what a good picture is, if indeed he ever does know. In these days of photographs and beautiful children's books, there is no reason why people of even moderate means should not educate their children into something like a sense of artistic appreciation. Why, you can buy at any print-store a good photograph, neatly framed, of any of the great pictures of the world (the "San Sistine" cherubs, for instance) for a dollar. And yet how many people there are who would spend that money for Hamburg edgings without a thought, but would never dream of buying a good picture to hang on the nursery wall.

Now, I can hear you say with a sigh, "Oh dear! this all takes so much time and thought." Of course it does; so does everything that is good for anything. As to time, you have "all there is;" it depends only upon what you use it for. I feel almost like groaning when a young mother shows me some marvel of embroidery or machine-stitching, saying triumphantly, "There, I did every stitch of that myself!" When will women learn that their

time is worth too much for better things, to be spent upon such trifles. It is really pitiful to see a good, conscientious little mother resolutely shutting herself away from so much that is best and sweetest in her children's lives for the sake of tucking their dresses and ruffling their petticoats. How surprised and grieved she will be to find that her boys and girls, at sixteen, regard "mother" chiefly as a most excellent person to keep shirts in order and to make new dresses, and not as one to whom they care to go for social companionship! Yet, before they are snubbed out of it by repeated rebuffs, such as "Run away, I'm too busy to listen to your nonsense," children naturally go to their mothers with all their sorrows and pleasures; and if "mother" can only enter into all their little plans, how pleased they are! Such a shout of delight as I heard last summer from Mrs. Friendly's croquet-ground, where her two little girls were playing! "Oh, goody, goody! mamma is coming to play with us!" She was a busy mother, too, and I know would have much preferred to use what few moments of recreation she

could snatch, for something more interesting than playing croquet with little children, not much taller than their mallets. She has often said to me, "I cannot let my children grow away from me; I must keep right along with them all the time, and whether it is croquet with the little ones, or Latin grammar and new skates with the boys, or French dictation and sash-ribbons with the girls, I must be 'in it' as far as I can."

But really, the most difficult part of all this is to think of it. We are so preoccupied with our cares and plans that we haven't "the heart at leisure from itself" thus even to sympathize with our children. We brood over Bridget's deficiencies and our plans for trimming Mary's dresses, to say nothing of heavier burdens, till our poor heads are half-distracted. Yet if we could only lift ourselves above these thoughts into a clearer atmosphere while we are with the children, we would find ourselves refreshed when we go down into the fogs and mists again. It is the everlasting monotony of our work—of the same things over and over every day—that wear upon us mentally quite as much as

bodily. If we could only be strong enough to make our intercourse with the children lift us out of the "ruts" of our dull planning and thinking, this culture of them would be a change and stimulus instead of an additional burden. (A change from saddle to harness often rests the galled horse, you know.) We should find ourselves snatching little bits of time to look into encyclopædias and histories to see if our facts are correct; brightening up rusty school-knowledge; perhaps even turning into account our schoolgirl accomplishments of drawing, and music, and composition; and certainly reading with some thought for the children, which of itself would supply the lack of purpose so usual in women's reading. The little we do is apt to be desultory and unsatisfactory; a hodge-podge of popular novels and the newspaper. We have so little time to read, we say, but we let slip five and ten-minute chances, or waste them over some frivolous story, because we haven't, or think we haven't, any object to stimulate us. Our husbands read and study in the direction of their business or professions, and their minds are constantly sharpened by

the necessities of their daily work. Ours, if we are not careful, are narrowed by the necessary and important attention to the detail of housekeeping, till we can talk an hour over the comparative advantages and disadvantages of Irish or colored help, or discuss "knife-plaiting" like philosophers; but beyond that ——. Yet, I am confident of my sex's ability, and sure that there are a good many of us who wish for better things, and if we could only once get into the way of it, would find ourselves accumulating knowledge and growing in culture from year to year, and that, too, without having dusty furniture, or unmannerly children. Let the desire to cultivate and educate the children be an inspiration, and we'll find ourselves cultivated and educated by the same process.

We shall find some things crowded out of our busy lives. We must have fewer clothes, less trimming, simpler cooking; but the mental furnishing of the family will be so much more complete. Hear what Gladstone says about man's work, and make the application to woman's: "To comprehend a man's life, it

is necessary to know, not merely what he does, but also what he purposely leaves undone. There is a limit to the work that can be got out of a human body or a human brain, and he is a wise man who wastes no energy on pursuits for which he is not fitted; and he is still wiser who, from among the things that he can do well, chooses and resolutely follows the best."

You will perceive that I have said nothing about religious education. I know so well how the joy and beauty of happy Christian living pervades your home that it does not seem necessary. A child cannot grow up in such an atmosphere without being religiously educated any more than the morning-glory can help taking color and beauty from the sunbeams which surround it. In a home like yours, where every one is courteous to every one else — the children included — the grace of politeness will become incorporated into a child's nature, not a mere surface "veneer," but as a genuine, hearty unselfishness.

Now, don't beguile yourself by thinking "These things are well enough, but far beyond

me now; when my boy is older I'll begin." Your baby will be in college before you know it. Children have a curious way of growing older every week, and we must take them as well as old Father Time by the "forelock," if we are going to do much with them.

LETTERS TO A YOUNG MOTHER — SECOND SERIES.— I.

INDOOR AMUSEMENTS FOR CHILDREN.

My dear ——: I can scarcely realize all the changes you speak of in your last letter. I sometimes think we busy grown-up people never would know how fast we are growing older if the children did not grow up so fast. To think that "that baby" is a great boy of ten, and there are three younger ones! And you ask for more "advice," something for older children like that I gave you a few years ago for the little ones, especially some ways of amusing them on stormy days when they are all shut up in the house together. I don't wonder that you say you are sometimes almost frantic by five o'clock. Haven't I been there myself? Isn't it the very hardest hour of the whole day? The children miss the fresh air. They have played so hard indoors that they

are tired and cross, and squabble with each other, and finally they all flock about your chair, restless and impatient for something, they don't know what. You are hurrying to finish a piece of sewing before the early-gathering twilight quite creeps over you, perhaps a trifle impatient that it has come so soon. One tired little head comes down into your lap, and pulls your work out of your hands. Another uneasy mortal climbs upon your chair, jogs your elbow, and unthreads your needle. Behind you Johnny is slyly teasing the baby who finally breaks out into a loud wail.

Now lay aside your work, you are ruining your eyes, your nerves, your temper, and accomplishing nothing. Take the children to the washstand, bathe the hot cheeks and wash the moist little hands — cold water is a means of grace sometimes — smooth the tangled hair, take off the heavy boots and put on slippers. The judicious distribution of clean aprons also adds materially on these occasions to the sum total of human happiness. As you are so fortunate as to be musical gather them about the piano, start off with some bright and

rollicking song, or "Mother Goose" jingle, the "Muffin Man" or the "Shaker Dance" with its accompanying gestures. After you have worked off some of the surplus electricity in this way you can gradually lead them up to quieter songs. Perhaps by the time your husband's key clicks in the front door, he will be greeted by the sweet strains of some such dear, old-fashioned hymn as "Glory to thee, my God, this night." It will surely be a pleasanter welcome than to hear you say, "There children, your father is coming, now you'll have to behave."

If you tire of the piano, books are never failing. Read a chapter in the "Arabian Nights," "Robinson Crusoe," or coming down to modern times, the "Bodleys." If these are beyond your audience, try "Dotty Dimple" and her cousins, or the ever-delightful "Mother Goose." If you make wise selections, the children will surely listen. They are naturally fond of melody and rhyme; if they never hear anything better, they will be satisfied with mere jingle. But try spirited ballads and little poems by our best authors and see how

quickly they will learn to appreciate them. Few boys will be deaf to "How they brought the good news from Ghent," and few girls but will be charmed with Westwood's "Little Bell." There is no lack of books to cull from. Almost every household possesses some of our standard poets, or selections from their works. There are little compilations like Lucy Larcom's "Hillside and Roadside Poems," Mrs. Giles' "Hymns and Rhymes for Home and School," "Hymns for Mothers and Children," Elliot's "Poetry for Children," to say nothing of the school readers, which contain many excellent selections. Of larger and more expensive works, there are Dana's "Household Book of Poetry," Mackay's "Thousand and One Gems," or, best of all for children, Whittier's "Child Life" in prose and poetry.

You can make a book for yourself by saving favorite bits of poetry by known and unknown authors, which go floating through our news papers and magazines. Before you are aware, you will have an attractive book, dear to the children because you made it, and an education and refreshment to yourself. But perhaps

the children are too uneasy to listen to reading. Then tell them a story. If you cannot "make up" one, fall back on the classics, "Cinderella," or "Jack the Giant Killer," or one of Hans Andersen's tender little "Märchen." Tell "Thumbelina" once and see if you haven't a story always ready.

Where the children are old enough to sit up for some time after supper there is another hour to be provided for. Don't you remember those delightful evenings spent at the houses of your playmates where the mother, and sometimes the father, took part in the games of "Twenty Questions," "Stage Coach," or "Proverbs," where they popped corn and ate apples with the children? But you cry in dismay, "What is to become of my reading hour? The evenings are the only times I have for myself." True, but by eight o'clock the younger ones ought to be in bed, and the older ready to go to their lessons or their library books. You may become interested in your book, but not so absorbed that you cannot stop to help Mary about her map questions, or to talk with Tom about Stanley's

"Across the Dark Continent." Your children's reading and study, as well as their play, ought always to have a decided flavor of "mother" in it.

This does not provide for the days, and that is, after all, the main question. Have you ever tried a scrap-book? It makes no end of litter, unless managed just right; but let it once become an "institution," to be provided for as you do for the week's washing, and it will keep the children wholesomely busy for many an hour. Understand, to begin with, that the main object is to amuse, not to produce results. If you expect the children to make nice picture books, you will either be wofully disappointed, or be obliged to do the main part of it yourself. For the youngest children, fold into book-form large sheets of brown wrapping paper, and let them put on them anything they choose. They will be pleased with anything that will paste, especially if it is bright colored. For the older ones you can get sheets of white paper at any printing office. Make stout covers of cotton cloth, pasted on stiff paper.

and sew it all firmly together, book-binder fashion. For pictures use odd magazines, old papers, publishers' catalogues, advertising circulars, old books whose bindings are hopelessly broken, and the like. You will be surprised if you stop to think how many things are "illustrated" nowadays, whose ultimate destiny is the waste basket. It is hardly necessary to say that they should not be allowed to have pictures that are really bad, either in subject or design. Because we do not want to cut up our "Aldines" and "Art Journals," we need not think that the "Weekly Terrifice" or the patent medicine almanacs are good enough for them. There are so many good and cheap pictures everywhere that there is no excuse for children or anybody else looking at bad ones. If the children are old enough to do the work nicely, or you are at leisure to direct them, they will make very handsome books, but if not, let them put pictures in, upside down or wrong side out, and they will enjoy the doing of it just as well. The girl of eight or nine will produce very different results from the child of five or

six, and should have better materials; but the little one will take quite as much pride in his "s'cap book" even if it has a piano on top of a church steeple, and a flaming insurance laid side by side with last year's calendar upside down.

Do not give them many pictures at a time, and insist that they finish cutting them out before they begin to paste them in. Otherwise, they will have paste, scissors, pictures and waste-paper "heaped in confusion dire." I know of no amusement to which children will return with greater delight, and out of which they will get so much pleasure for the same expenditure of time and money.

If your pictures are too good to give to the children, make the book yourself, if you have time, and let them stand by and look. They can help by preparing the pictures for you to paste.

In such a book you can put all these bright little reward and Christmas and Easter cards, pictures and valentines which are continually floating into a family of children. These pretty things soon get lost and spoiled, but if put

into a book at once they make a very interesting and pretty picture-book. If the leaves are made of cloth, and the book, when finished, is simply bound by a bookbinder, it will last a whole generation of children and be a never-failing delight.

When they get tired of pasting, let them paint the pictures. The little ones can use colored crayons or pencils; the older ones will enjoy best the toy water-color paint boxes. Give them a few instructions about rubbing off the colors, and teach them to use the tips of the brushes, not to daub with the whole brush. Provide them with tiny cups for the water, and something on which to wipe the brushes. A few minutes' instruction to begin with will help them very much, and they will paint by the hour.

Another amusement can be furnished them by cutting tissue-paper into square pieces about as large as an ordinary book, and letting them trace the pictures in their "St Nicholas" or "Nursery" or scrap-books. This is a good preparation for their writing and drawing lessons by and by. Some systems of drawing

and writing begin with tracing lines of copies through thin paper in just this way. The little folks will learn a great deal about form and color by all this handling of and looking at pictures, to say nothing of what they learn from the pictures themselves.

The success of these amusements will depend very much upon the good condition of their tools and materials. If the paste is lumpy, the pencils dull, the paper crumpled, the brushes the wrong kind or worn out, the embryo artists will soon come flocking back to your sewing-chair, complaining, "O, mamma, we can't do anything with it. Why can't we go out doors? It is horrid in the house."

Through the long summer days, especially if several very warm ones come in succession, children often droop and look pale without seeming really sick. The truth is that they are over-tired with play and the heat, and do not sleep as well or as much as in the longer and cooler nights. Have them go upstairs after their mid-day dinner, take off their shoes and stockings and as much of their clothing as you think they can bear without

taking cold. Now send each child into a room by itself, to lie down and rest. Give them books to read or look at, or pencil and paper to draw with. Do not say anything about a nap; children over five years old generally "hate naps," but insist that they keep quiet and do not talk to each other. Very likely the youngest or most fatigued will drop off into a little sleep which will refresh him very much.

An hour or two of quiet even if they do not sleep will rest the busy little muscles; the separation from each other will rest the busy little brains and tongue. And here is the real benefit of the plan; if they are allowed to tumble all over the beds and frolic with each other they do not get the quiet they need. What a relief it is to us sometimes to have an hour or two by ourselves away from our best friends. After they get up and are washed and dressed you will be astonished to see how amiable they have grown.

And these same hot afternoons afford an excellent opportunity to teach them how to bathe themselves. There is no hurry about

their dressing; it is so much time saved from exposure to the hot sun. As long as they do it themselves, no matter if it takes an hour. Send them into the bath-room. (It is not necessary to add with certain restrictions as to age and sex.) If they are wide-awake children they will frolic fast enough to be in no danger of taking cold. You will enjoy the shouts and laughter that come from the bath-room, especially if you don't have to stay there yourself. When you think they have "splashed" enough, show them how to dry themselves, but let them do it all. The older ones will help the younger, and they will soon learn to be skilful enough to give themselves their regular bath. That will be a great help to you, for it is quite a tax on time and strength to bathe three or four lively children. Besides you want them to grow up with habits of personal neatness, and after they have once learned the comfort of frequent baths and how to serve themselves, they will need no other teaching. After such a rest in the middle of the day, they can enjoy the evening's coolness a little later. It does some-

times seem rather hard to send children up-stairs into warm rooms to bed, in the long June twilights, almost the only part of the day that is pleasant or even endurable.

But I have told you enough for a beginning. Try these plans and see how you like them. You may modify them and suit yourself better.

LETTERS TO A YOUNG MOTHER— SECOND SERIES.—II.

GIRLS DOLLS AND BOYS' COLLECTIONS.

My dear ——: Something for the little girls, this time, is it? Dolls first of course. I think Eve must have been the only woman who couldn't recollect playing with paper dolls. There is a limit to a family of ordinary dolls, for the dresses are generally beyond the power of the little mothers to make; and the patience of the best-natured real mother fails if she has too many grandchildren to sew for. But paper dolls! Why, a child can have a hundred or two, and if she makes and clothes them all, who can complain? Of course, those they make themselves are a great deal more precious than any you can buy. Besides, like almost everything else, the doing is better than the thing done. But home-made dolls

are apt to have homely faces. To remedy this, let them make bodies to match the pretty little heads that come among the embossed pictures used for decorating. An ingenious girl will soon learn how to do it, if you give her a single pattern, and will vary the bodies to suit the heads. As for the ladies, a body is not at all necessary — the elaborately trimmed and trailed skirts make up for that slight deficiency. Old fashion plates and pattern catalogues will furnish hosts of dolls, and tissue paper and a little ingenuity will provide wardrobes. I saw a little girl of eight years made as happy as a queen by a birthday present of a complete dressmaking establishment for her paper dolls. It was a small wooden box, neatly lined with colored paper, and holding a bottle of mucilage, a pair of blunt-pointed scissors "for her very own," and a dozen half-sheets of bright-colored tissue paper. The other half-sheets were laid one side to be brought out when these were gone. The cost of such a box, as you see, is trifling, but more amusement could be got out of it than from any costly toy.

If your little girls are like mine, they are constantly teasing for "something to sew," and that, too, when you are too busy to oversee their patchwork, or anything you wish them to do well. If you give them an old stocking to darn, it takes only a few minutes to mend that all up into a heap, and then the cry begins, "Mamma, that is all sewed up; I want something more." At your leisure cut some perforated card-board into pieces small enough to be handled easily; mark with a lead pencil some sort of a pattern — flowers, birds, letters, animals, anything — and let them embroider it with bright-colored worsted. (Between you and me, they will not be much more hideous and useless than a good deal of the "fancy work" with which grown-up girls amuse themselves.) The older children will enjoy marking the "patterns" for the younger ones, and the important question whether the cat's tail shall be pink or scarlet, or the house blue or yellow, will make it as lively as a sewing society. You can vary this amusement by letting them prick patterns in stiff paper with a large needle. Paper prick-

ing is one of the prettiest of the Kindergarten "occupations." Words like papa, mamma, sister, etc., can be marked for them to prick and work into "book-marks" for birthday presents. Do not expect any of these things to be either pretty or good for anything; then you will not worry yourself or the children over them. All you care for is to keep them busy and interested; it is only another form of play.

When, however, the children are large enough to sew in good earnest, they can amuse themselves and learn a great deal about cutting, fitting, and sewing, by making their dolls' clothes. Cut paper patterns for them, show them how to lay these patterns on the cloth, and give them a few directions about beginning; then let them cut the garments out themselves. When the cutting is finished, pin the separate pieces together and let them baste the garment. Stitch the long seams on your machine, leaving them to do such short ones as will teach them the various stitches without discouraging them by the amount. "What!" says one, who believes that woman

was made for the needle, not the needle for woman — "teach a girl to sew by stitching her dolls' clothes on the sewing-machine?" Yes; why not? We do not teach children to walk by starting them on a pedestrian tour from New York to Boston. Nor is it necessary in order to teach a girl to sew that she should do so many yards of hemming and then so many more of something else. I never could see any sense in giving "over-and-over" to beginners. It is one of the most difficult stitches to do neatly, and yet little girls are usually given "patch-work" for their first lesson. Many a woman carries a life-long dislike to sewing because of the coarse towels and dull patch-work she dragged over in those dreary hours when she was "learning to sew." Don't you remember how you used to say, "If I could only have something pretty and that could ever be finished!" What grown woman does not get "tired to death" of a garment which lies in her work-basket for weeks? And a little girl's sewing work soiled by long handling and perhaps bitter tears, is anything but inviting. Her interest in it is gone long

before it is finished. But if she helps cut out the doll's dress herself and sees it "go together" in a single afternoon, she is eager to finish it and put it on the dolly. And she learns too, to expect to finish things up speedily, to turn off work as we say, which is a very important part of the training of an embryo housekeeper.

To "dress up" is another favorite amusement with little girls. Give them some cast-off garments for this purpose, old finery worse than useless to give to the poor. A long skirt is indispensable. Show them how to pin it back, so as to be short enough in front to walk in, and yet float off in a long trail behind. Take that old bonnet and pin some ribbons on it; give them that faded sash of the baby's and a bright scarf for a shawl. I have seen a yard or two of pink mosquito netting used with astonishing effect. They will array themselves gorgeously and "go out calling," when they will mimic you and your friends with small talk till you will wish you had set them a better example. Let them have these things to keep and provide a place

to put them in, when they are through playing with them (and see that they put them there), and you will be surprised at the amount of fun they will get out of them.

An ingenious mother can use the "gifts" and "occupations" of the Kindergarten to some extent for the little ones, even if she does not carry out all the ideas fully. Children are very fond of mat-weaving, and sometimes produce and imitate very pretty patterns. They delight in clay-modeling; it is a kind of scientific mud-pie. It is rather dirty work, however.

But we must not forget the boys entirely. Let them turn their country rambles in the long summer vacation to good account by making "collections." The arranging and rearranging these will keep them busy many a stormy winter's day. It is not the things collected which are of any value, usually — though they do pick up a good deal of information from their bugs, butterflies, stones, shells, coins, or postage stamps — but, most of all, the schooling in energy and perseverance. Even a collection of stamps and postmarks from old

envelopes, insignificant as it may seem at first sight, will help to organize their geographical knowledge. The countries, States, or subdivisions arrange themselves and form a rough frame-work to uphold the facts learned from books or general reading in after years. And let me just whisper to you here, if you go with them on these expeditions into the woods and fields, don't "*nag*" them all the while. Never mind if it does take your breath away to see the trees they climb and the steep places they look over. How can they walk quietly along as you do when there is a whole world full of things to see and hear? Be thankful for their superabundant vitality which sends them careering up and down into all sorts of accessible and inaccessible places. Don't let your presence be a restraint and a worry. Give them liberty to do foolish and unnecessary things, as seems to you. Poor fellows! the time will come soon enough when the heads will be tired and the legs be glad to walk soberly along. These collections will furnish a wide-awake mother constant favorable opportunities for training her children, morally

as well as mentally. An over-generous child, who will be tempted to give everything away, will learn to count the cost before he commits himself. A careless one will, perhaps, learn to take care of his treasures, if he finds that is the only way to have any. Again, the continual exchanges with their playmates may be the means of teaching them to be both honest and prudent. For instance, here is a boy who imposes upon a little fellow by exchanging a worthless United States stamp for a valuable foreign one. If he is your boy you will give him some forcible advice about common honesty. Tell him that Charles Dickens said, "'Your 'smart' men will have America by the neck and strangle her some day.' And you don't want him to be one of them. If your boy was the victim, teach him to be more careful in his bargains and not to believe everything that is told him. Boys who have learned to be both honest and wary have made a good beginning in their business education.

Do not be dismayed if, after you have taken considerable trouble to provide some of these amusements for them, they don't "take" to

them or soon tire of them. They are capricious about their plays. The engrossing pursuit of one week is entirely cast aside the next. It is of no use to force an interest in anything. But watch and be ready to help, direct, encourage or check, as the case may be, those things which please them. The object of all these things is not so much to amuse the children as to teach them how to amuse and occupy themselves, to learn how to use brains, eyes, and fingers; to be deft and neat, and busy and happy. It is as possible for a mother to do too much herself in amusing her children as in taking care of them. Where a child seldom does anything for itself, is never allowed to try experiments, and make failures, the mother becomes a slave, and the child a helpless doll. It might as well be wrapped in pink cotton, like a set of jewelry, for any use it learns to make of itself. But how hardly the world uses these helpless little creatures when they grow up. The girls lose their etherial beauty and fade into spiritless women or querulous invalids. The boys lose heart at their first rebuffs, and settle back on to any one

who will carry them along. We mothers must aim at the golden mean between too much care and too little. And as their food helps to make up their physical status, so their play can contribute towards their mental and moral stamina. It is all worth looking after. As Michael Angelo said, "Perfection is made up of trifles, but perfection itself is no trifle."

LETTERS TO A YOUNG MOTHER—SECOND SERIES—III.

SOME QUESTIONS OF ORDER AND SUNDAY OCCUPATION.

My dear ——: I laughed over your last letter, I couldn't help it, in spite of its dismal tone. You say "your 'amusements' are dreadful. What with the snippings for the paper dolls, the paste and the cuttings for the scrap-books and the rubbish they bring in with their 'collections,' it is brush up and pick up from morning till night." It is discouraging, that is a fact. After you have spent an hour in making your sitting-room look neat and inviting to find Mary's twenty-five paper dolls and their wardrobes encamped on the sofa, or Jamie's box of horse-chestnuts and little stones emptied on the hearth-rug. And if you complain, the bright little faces cloud over and you know they think, even if they

don't say it, "I can't have a bit of fun anywhere." But have you not a room that you can devote to the children and their playthings? Not some dark and dismal corner, good for nothing else, but warm and light, and not too far away from you. Such a room needs some furniture, too. An empty room is as desolate and uninviting for them as for you. An old lounge, not too good to be climbed all over and made into a coach or railroad train, a large table for the pasting and painting and drawing, with chairs of the right height for them to sit comfortably at in, an old book-case for the boys' "collections," an old bureau or trunk for the doll's clothes, will make it a child's paradise. Every article of furniture will have a dozen different uses. The girls will curtain off the corners with sheets or mosquito netting for their separate houses, and will display much taste and ingenuity in arranging their dolls and furniture. The boys can fit up their side with their work-bench and tools, and make ships and shavings without disturbing anybody. If the room has a large closet with shelves

and drawers, so much the better. It will sometimes be — as a forcible old lady said once of a similar place — "a perfect old glory-hole." There will be dolls in various kinds of undress uniform all over the floor. The large wooden box you have covered with carpet for the playthings will hold all sorts of toys in all stages of demolition. If a child wants to find one, he tips the box over, empties them all on the floor, then runs away and leaves mamma to pick them up, if she will. But she mustn't — for here is just the place to teach the children how to be neat and orderly; a larger how than we are apt to think, sometimes. Habits of neatness and order are something to be learned as well as Latin grammar, and for most people they are quite as difficult. The children will enjoy their play-place much better if their playthings are where they can find them. They will not play long in a room in hopeless disorder, though they will do their best to get it so.

I am inclined to think that one cause of our ill-success in teaching our children to be orderly is often that they really do not know

where different articles belong; perhaps they do not belong anywhere. We do not provide suitable and accessible places for their playthings. Our collars and laces would fare ill if we were expected to keep them in the same box with our slippers and overshoes. Yet, when Tommy throws his skates on to the same shelf in the same closet where Fanny keeps her wax doll, much to the damage of dolly's nose, we scold Fanny and tell her she can't have any more nice things till she learns to take better care of them! Ought we to blame a child, when his playthings are kept in a closet at the end of a long, dark passageway, if he dreads to put them up, and runs off when he can, leaving you to "pick up" after him?

It will be a good deal easier for you to do all this yourself than to teach him to do it. It will be much more convenient for you to clear away blocks than to stand over him and direct his efforts and insist that no other play shall be begun till these things are put in their places; but mothers must not ask what is the easiest way, but what is best.

Of course, even if they have the responsibility of keeping their play-place in order, you will have to exercise considerable supervision. But a few minutes of your practiced hand, when you are making your morning rounds, will straighten out a good many matters. The children can spend an hour or two occasionally on a rainy day, under your direction, playing, "clean house." Just think what "eternal vigilance" our houses demand of us, and be charitable towards the children's shortcomings in their domains.

Other people's children, visitors, not so carefully trained as yours, perhaps will sometimes bring dismay and disorder. I knew a mother who was much annoyed by her child-visitors, who would scatter everything over the floor till the instant of departure arrived, then leave the poor little host, tired and flushed, to do the "cleaning-up," which, of course, seemed very stupid after the fun was all over and the company gone. She told her boy when he went visiting that he might stay five minutes after the time set for coming home to help his little playmates put their things away.

Whether the mothers took the hint and gave their children similar directions, I have never heard. But perhaps you cannot set apart and warm a room expressly for the children. Or even if you could, they may be too young and timid to be happy away from you. There is no place quite like mamma's room, after all. I must tell you the experience of a friend of mine, who found, as you have, that there must be a definite place for this kind of work. She could not spare another room, so after some experimenting she made a "children's corner" in her own room. She got papa to make them a low, broad table out of some extra extension-table leaves nailed firmly to a support just high enough to match the children's little chairs. She nailed down a small drugget in a sunny, pleasant corner, making, as it were, a little room in the large room. The low table and the little chairs stood in the middle of this tiny room, a waste-basket stood on one side of the table, and a small commode on the other. The children could sit at their work and throw the waste papers into the basket, or take their books

and pictures out of the commode almost without leaving their seats. Here they sat and made scrap books, and drew and painted pictures, and cut paper dolls, and "played tea-party" whenever the fancy pleased them. It was always ready. There were no chairs to be dragged out of their places, or a table to be cleared off before they could begin their operations. If in the intervals of dressing or undressing, there was a spare moment long enough to cut out or paste in a picture, it was done. It was not difficult to keep in tolerable order either, for the pictures were kept in a large box which easily shoved into the closet. The scissors and paste had their appropriate and accessible places. All the "litter" was kept within the line of the drugget, and anything found outside of it, or on the floor, after one notice of clearing-up time, was liable to confiscation. After the scissors and pencils had been put on a high shelf for some hours, they learned to keep them where they belonged, and the comfort to the children and the relief to the mother of such a place was almost incalculable.

I have seen a broad window shelf used as a place for older children to keep their writing and drawing materials, where they wrote their little letters and did all that miscellaneous scribbling so dear to their hearts and so troublesome to older people. A hanging scrap-bag received the bits of paper, a small broom and toy dustpan stood in the corner close by, and they were expected to leave things tidy when they finished their literary labors, or ran the risk of being called in from some delightful play to do it.

For their other plays you will need to provide other places according to circumstances and your other household arrangements. For instance, give up one of the lower shelves of your library book-case for their picture and story books. Let the girls have a hall-chamber for their dolls' houses, where boys are not allowed except in slippers and "on good behavior." If you encourage and help them and protect them from the boys' inroads, they will learn to make and keep their dolls' beds very dainty with pillow shams and lace canopies. Give the boys a corner in the wood-

shed or attic, for their bench and tools, and you will be able to solve more or less satisfactorily the problem of where to keep the children's things.

I know a household where the boys' turning-lathe and jig-saw occupies a corner of the back-parlor opposite the piano. A large square of oil-cloth protects the carpet and defines the boundaries, but there the boys make chess-men and chips, wall-pockets and saw-dust, right "in the midst of things." Not every mother could or would give up her back-parlor, but many mothers would be willing to set up à jig-saw in every corner of the house if it would insure her boys growing up into such fine, manly fellows, such a help and comfort, as this mother's sons are to her.

Another very important thing, and one too often forgotten, is to teach the children to respect each other's property. Let each child have his or her shelf or drawer for his most precious possessions, and allow no one else to molest it. Give the older children the high shelves, out of the reach of the younger ones, for their treasures. It is not a small matter

to come home from school and find that something very precious has been ruined beyond repair, and to be carelessly told in excuse, "Oh, the baby got it!" I fear we do not always appreciate how much suffering the havoc of the "baby" causes the older ones. And see that you respect their rights, too. It may be nothing but a ragged bit of lace, or a string tied to a button, which you are sweeping into the dustpan, but if you are as well acquainted with your children's pastimes as you ought to be, you will recognize dolly's best lace collar or a part of Ned's "machinery." It is only in your eyes a stray picture from an old magazine, or perhaps a cast-off blank book which you are throwing into the fire, but it is the frontispiece for Jane's scrap-book, or Mary's diary, precious to her soul. It takes only a minute to rescue these trifles and put them in their places, and that minute is well and wisely spent; for in it you have shown your sympathy with your children's pleasures and gives them a practical lesson on the rights of property.

All these things are a deal of trouble and

make a woman a slave to her children, you say. Yes; but isn't it better to be a "slave" to the children than to the children's clothes? and many mothers are willing bond-servants to them. A child once said to her mother who was complaining of the care she was, "If you don't want to take care of a little girl, what do you keep one for?" Children must respect grown-up people's feelings, of course, but grown-up people must respect their necessities. Amusements of some kind they must and will have. It depends upon you whether they have them under your eye and with your cordial coöperation, or whether, repressed and chidden at home, they steal slyly away to other and quieter, but perhaps disreputable sports. To forbid children doing everything they like is not training them, any more than merely chaining up a dog will teach him to be a good watch-dog. Children who are constantly hushed and repressed, so far from being trained, grow up spiritless and subdued, or sullen and defiant. Even noise, trying as it is to us, is a necessary part of a child's life, just as is his constant restless activity. To play "bear" or "blind

man's buff" without the noise is, as Kingsley says of something else, like playing 'Hamlet' with the part of Hamlet left out, and the ghost and queen into the bargain." It is not always, or even usually, the quietest children who are the most trusty. Said a lady of much experience in a boys' boarding-school, "I often think that these noisy fellows who 'slam and bang' around their rooms and wear out the carpets and nick the crockery, are not half as apt to have vicious habits as those quiet sly fellows who always move about as if they had rubbers on. We should give our children plenty of well-regulated liberty, but keep the "veto" power in our own hands.

Do not be troubled. Children can be taught to be orderly without becoming precise little prigs, and they can have jolly good times without being riotous.

I had nearly forgotten your question about neighborly visiting back and forth among children. You say you live in a street rich in children, and that it sometimes seems as if your four, and Mrs. Brown's three, and Mrs. Jones's two, were too many for one yard or

house at once. That seems quite likely. Now what can you do about it? You do not want to, and could not if you did, keep your children secluded by themselves. They ought to play more or less with other children, but this promiscuous running to and fro without any restrictions keeps them under continual excitement and makes them dissatisfied with any quiet home pleasures. They all get too tired, and then begin to quarrel, and it is very difficult to settle disputes between different sets of children, brought up under different home governments and with different ideas of justice. You have taken pains to provide your children with croquet and hammock, balls and kites and carts. You have made rules as to their use, and penalties as to their abuse. But you cannot enforce those rules for other people's children, and if they destroy your children's property, either accidentally or carelessly, what redress have you? You can only comfort the grief of your child as best you can, and, if your purse is long enough, buy a new toy. Besides all this, it is not agreeable to have a troop of noisy children go tramping through your house

at all times. Even well-taught children "forget their manners" in the eagerness of their play. I have known children of well-bred families walk boldly into the sleeping-rooms of grown people without knocking, or even regarding closed doors, watching with curious eyes the unpacking of trunks, the fitting of dresses, or even the progress of toilet operations.

Yes, you say; but will not my neighbors think I am proud and exclusive if I do not allow my children to play with theirs? Very likely some will; but have you not a right to defend yourself and children against intrusion? Our neighbor's good opinion is worth having if it does not cost too much. But a rigid exclusion is not best, nor necessary. A play of a few hours together between children of different families is a good thing. Let the visits be worth asking for, and have definite limits, then the children enjoy them, and the mothers know what to expect. An invitation to dinner or tea becomes a real treat under such circumstances. This will seem exclusive to some, I know. I remember the wide-eyed surprise with which a mother accosted me one

day when I went after my little girl who had overstaid her time at her house.

"Why," said she, "do you expect she will come home at the time you say, and do you feel worried if she don't? My children go off in the morning Saturdays, and if I don't see them until afternoon, I know they are at some of the neighbors and I don't worry a bit!"

Perhaps the neighbors did, however! If you do not allow your children to run into your neighbors' houses without permission, they will not be apt to allow theirs to come into yours without similar restrictions. And, isn't it quite possible that your children, who probably are no cherubs, but very human, trouble your neighbors in all these ways, and that instead of feeling hurt at reasonable restrictions on their visits, they really would be quite relieved? These things bear turning round sometimes.

Now, a word about the Sunday question — what to do with the little ones who are too young to read. It is true that if the mother spends all her spare time reading and talking to them, Sunday is anything but a day of rest to her, and the children are apt to get ner-

vous and restless, and by night are "too cross for anything." But we recognize that the day must be made different from others. It ought to be the pleasantest and sunniest of the whole week. I know of one family in which the custom was adopted of giving some trifling present on Sunday morning at the breakfast-table. It was often nothing more than an orange or a bunch of white grapes or a paper doll, but, slight as it was, it marked the day and made it one to be pleasantly anticipated. The experiment has been tried of having Sunday toys, or a book of Sunday pictures, not to be brought out except on that day. Noisy plays should be forbidden — the croquet set and the carts should be put away. If the little girls have their dolls, they are not to make dresses for them, but only to take care of them, just as mamma takes care of the baby on Sunday. It is carefully explained to the little ones that when they get old enough to read, they will be "too big" to play on Sunday. All this sets apart the day as one of quiet enjoyment, and prepares them to understand real Sabbath-keeping when they grow up. Happy that fam-

ily where the father, perhaps too busy through the week to get much acquainted with his children, takes an hour or two of the precious Sunday-time to talk or read to them. We hear a great deal of the value of the mother's influence; the father's ought to be just as valuable. The children need the invigorating influence of another mind, fresh from a new sphere of thought and action. Papa's stories are different from mamma's, and so refresh the children. While the weary mother steals away, out of all the children's chatter and confusion (so necessary and yet so wearisome when you hear it all the time) for a precious quiet hour or two all by herself, she has the inexpressible comfort of feeling that the children are not left to hear the gossip of servants, but are being taught in some things even better than she could do it. Our younger children are sometimes too much left to feminine influence. The servants and their day and Sunday-school teachers are almost always women; good and faithful ones they may be, but the children need the masculine element of strength and enterprise to supplement the feminine teachings

of docility and gentleness. One balances and completes the other. The girls ought to be stimulated and strengthened in character by contact with their father's mind. The boys should learn from his example what true manliness is. They see sham manliness enough every week-day among their school-fellows. To our busy business and working men, Sunday is the only time they have to really reach their children. The fact that papa is to be at home all day ought to be the very biggest and best treat of the whole happy Sunday-time. I heard a four-year-old "tot" say, last night in the midst of the bed-time frolic: "Oh, isn't it most time for Thunday to come again? I think Thunday is the bethtest of all."

LETTERS TO A YOUNG MOTHER — SECOND SERIES.— IV.

OTHER PEOPLE'S BIRTHDAYS.

My dear ——: There is a great deal of truth in one remark in your last letter. There is danger that where so much is done to amuse children and make them happy, that they will grow up selfish and exacting. Here is one of the defects of our American training. Everything is made so pleasant and easy for our young people that they take it for granted that the world was made principally that they might have a good time in it, but never feel the least responsibility about making a good time for anybody else. Even the path to the schoolroom is made so smooth that they feel impatient and almost angry when they encounter a real difficulty. They actually do not practise self-denial enough themselves to appreciate it in other people. The last year's bon-

net and worn glove-tips of the returned missionary lady awaken only a good-natured contempt in the mind of the thoughtless girl whose mother has never allowed her to look shabby, and who thinks if anybody else does, it is because they don't know any better.

Our American life tends in this direction. To get all the enjoyment possible out of life without very much thought whether anybody else gets any pleasure or comfort in return is the main-spring of too many lives. We need to watch ourselves lest in our desire to give our children a sunny childhood we forget to teach them how to make other people's lives sunny. Always to receive and never to give is as bad for children as for grown people. To be sure there is not much they can do, and what they can is worth very little in itself, but just because it develops a generous thoughtfulness for others, encourage them in all their little plans for other people's pleasure. Children are naturally generous, and delight to make and give presents until they see their gifts considered as rubbish. Probably they are, but a great deal of love can be put into

very common things. You keep their birthdays. Encourage them to remember the birthdays of the older members of the family, even if their celebrations are troublesome and their presents useless. In the family festivals, let them have something to do for somebody else. Do not let all the doing always be on your side.

I have seen some very pretty little affairs arranged by children for such occasions. I remember one design by a girl nine years old, for her mamma's birthday. She dressed herself and her sisters to represent the four seasons, and each one brought to the mother a trifling gift, repeating in turn a line of a verse of poetry she had found in an illuminated calendar.

The youngest, dressed in her best white dress, trimmed with artificial apple-blossoms and lilies of the valley, and carrying her present in a tiny basket, hidden among spring flowers, represented spring. As she handed her present to her mother, she said:

First beautiful spring, with flowers and song.

Summer, also in white, with bright ribbons, followed with her gift, saying:

Next, rosy summer comes tripping along.

Autumn glowing in a garnet dress, and wearing a wreath of bright leaves and wheat, brought her present in a basket of red apples, and repeated:

Then blushing autumn, with rich fruits laden,

while,

Last, sober winter, cold thoughtful maiden,

clad all in white, with a band of swan's down around her head, drew out her gift from a large cornucopia filled with cotton, to represent snow.

Of course, the mother had been consulted, and had given permission to use the finery, She entered into the spirit of the occasion, and gave advice and made suggestions, but was conveniently blind till everything was complete. It occupied the children for the best

part of the afternoon, and under all the fun of the thing was the pleasant consciousness that they really were doing something for the happiness of mamma, who had done so much for them.

These same children were greatly amused with the pictures and poetry in "St. Nicholas" of the

> Three wise old women were they, were they,
> Who went to walk on a winter's day—
> One carried a basket to hold some berries,
> One carried a ladder to climb for cherries;
> The third, and she was the wisest one,
> Carried a fan to keep off the sun.

So they "made a game of it" for a Thanksgiving evening celebration. They appeared suddenly in the sitting-room, dressed like old women, with marvellous bonnets, one with a huge market basket, the little three-year-old with a great palm-leaf fan, almost as big as she was, and the oldest carrying the family step-ladder. When the wind blew them all away, one of the audience had to represent wind, and lay the ladder down, and it was

quite a comical sight to see them bail out the imaginary water and attend to their bonnets and their balance at the same time.

On another occasion, with the help of playmates, they added the "Three Wise Men" to the performance, though this was more difficult.

Another family of boys and girls, a little older, were always getting up tableaux and burlesque-opera entertainments for their father's birthdays. It was no end of trouble, and old clothes and the tableaux did not always "preserve the unities," but they were pleasant recollections long after the merry boys and girls were fathers and mothers themselves.

I saw another birthday celebration once, and I shall never forget it. The mother's birthday had come too soon for the child's calculation, and there was no preparation made. The oldest, a sensitive, loving child of seven years, was overwhelmed with grief, and sobbed, "Mamma is always giving us something, and getting up things for us, and now we have forgotten her. Oh! dear, dear!"

Close by stood a little basketful of stones,

picked up in their afternoon ramble — just such stones as you can find in any New England pasture lot or by any stone wall. But the white, imperfect quartz crystals and the shining little bits of mica seemed very beautiful to the child. Suddenly she noticed the basket. There was a hurried consultation with her younger sister, a great parade of secrecy and business, a rattling of stones in the kitchen washbasin, and much dancing about and shouts of "Now, mamma, we've got something for your birthday. Don't look into that basket! Now, don't guess — oh! you never can guess what it is!"

The next morning at breakfast there was something on mamma's plate, heaping up the napkin so carefully spread over it.

When the napkin was lifted there was nothing but the little heap of shining stones, but the children were as happy as if they had been gold and diamonds. Said the youngest: "Mamma, I picked out the very prettiest the very whitest and shiny-est;" and the oldest added, "We washed them just as carefully last night."

The father said afterward:

"They came to me in the evening in great glee, for now they had something for mamma, and they showed me the stones, all wet and dripping in the basket — about as pitiful a thing for a present as could be imagined."

A trifle, you say, but the love and delight that went with that worthless little pile of stones could not be counted by dollars. No wonder the mother's eyes grew dim as she looked from the stones heaped up on her plate to the glowing faces of the children, and that she carefully put the stones away. Trifles like these are the very dearest of treasures to a mother's heart, if some day the bright eyes that shone with delight are forever shut from her sight, and the busy little hands are folded still and cold.

You never know how long you and your children will have each other. At best, they will not be little children always. Make the life which you live together as happy and as full of yourself as possible. If you can do but little, put plenty of love and sunshine into that little. It is worth a great deal to

have them to grow up with the habit of being happy. If this habit comes — not because every wish is gratified, but because they are always busy at some cheerful or helpful work, never fear that they will grow up querulous and selfish. Children so trained are not apt to fall into fashionable listlessness, or to give themselves up to idle grief, if disappointment and sorrow come into their maturer lives.

The effect of such a home atmosphere as this is incalculable. It not only tends to strengthen and purify each separate individual in the family, but its influence is still deeper and more far-reaching. Whatever tends to make our family life purer and stronger is doing the best and noblest service for society. Here we must look for our strongest bulwark against the rising tides of evil that beat against our social system.

We women listen to the growl of the storm in other countries; we tremble for our own, and feel so useless and insignificant!

Brave little Holland keeps the whole mighty Atlantic at bay with her dykes of common-place earth and stones and turf — mere every-

day material. Take courage, weary mother. Your life may seem to you not much more than a dreary grind, day after day, to supply the physical wants of your children; but if they grow up to love and honor you because you deserve their love and honor — if they go out from you to build up other homes like the one you have made to them the purest and sweetest place on earth, you have built a few rods of dyke over against your own house, and so have built, not for yourself alone, but for all society — not for to-day alone, but for all time.

A MOTHER'S DREAM OF HEAVEN.

It had been an unusually wearisome day. It had seemed to the poor mother as if Puck himself had possessed the younger children, while the older ones had been self-willed and disobedient. A sullen and careless servant had made her feel that everything was going wrong down-stairs, yet she had been tied hand and foot to the nursery with the fretful, exacting children. As if to try her over-worked nerves to the utmost, a strong wind had kept every loose blind and door banging and shaking, till every fibre of her weary frame responded with a confused sense of hurry and unrest.

She wanted to do so much for her children, for their souls as well as for their bodies, and to-day she had worked so hard and accomplished so little. She had long ago given up fine clothes and luxurious living for the sake

of having time to care for their higher needs, but sometimes she was obliged to neglect these. She thought hopelessly to-night of the necessary time she had spent in the care of their physical wants, of the imperative demands of every moment, and felt that she had done nothing all day for their minds, their manners, or their morals. So she was weary, not with bodily fatigue merely, but with the tenfold heavier burden of unsuccessful toil, and unaccomplished endeavor. Now the night had come, and the little ones slept in their white-covered beds. "At last," she sighed gratefully, then reproached herself: "What should I do without them?" She sat before the nursery fire with the baby peacefully sleeping in her arms. As she gazed down on the placid little face, and heard the steady breathing from the little beds, there stole over her that feeling of rest and relief, which comes only to the tired mother when all the restless little ones are safe in bed. She laid the baby softly in her cradle and tenderly tucked her in. It was not quite time for the father's home-coming, and she took up half mechanically a magazine lying

on the table. Listlessly turning its leaves, her eye caught these words:

Like a cradle rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful, to and fro —
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping,
On the little face below —
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow;
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down, and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss and cry, and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best —
So when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.

She leaned her head back against her chair and closed her eyes. The image of "the green earth swinging jarless, noiseless, safe and slow," was very grateful to her. She thought how God's loving care extended not only over the green earth, but to all the creatures on it; of the little sparrows in their nests, of the

"young ravens who cry," how "He opens his hand and satisfies the desire of every living thing." Gradually these thoughts unfolded as it were into a fair vision. She seemed upborne on the pinions of some mighty bird, balanced motionless in mid-heaven over a vast expanse of mountains and hills stretching away illimitably into blue and purple billows, rising, receding, fading away far out on the horizon line. Near at hand the mountains lifted their gray summits towards the upper air. Their mighty buttresses sweeping downward to the valleys were seamed with deep ravines where here and there twinkling lights were reflected from placid lakes or distant thread-like rivers. Everywhere was vastness, stability, strength — perfect peace. The largeness of the prospect lifted her above her petty cares and vexations; her soul was calmed and strengthened by the strong, calm mountains. Over all the glorious October sunshine seemed to fall flooding and suffusing everything; a sunshine that warmed, but did not scorch; that glowed, but did not dazzle. Then the words she had so often heard came softly into her mind with

a new meaning. "They need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light," and she knew it was not sunshine that filled the golden air, but the living light of God's presence. There came slowly a sense of a vast ineffable tenderness, a mighty love brooding and leaning over the whole wide expanse of lifted peak and rounded summit, wooded valley and distant shining river, as a mother's face radiant with the love she cannot speak, bends over the cradle of her sleeping child. She seemed encircled and upheld by the "everlasting arms," gathered close and warm near to his mighty presence. Upon her soul fell a "peace past understanding," and softly like the sound of distant music came the words,

I lie within the light of God
As I lie upon your breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

The vision slowly faded. The baby stirred softly in the cradle. The quick mother-ear heard the little rustle, and she opened her

eyes again on the familiar scene. The mountain glory had vanished, the golden glow had departed, but the peace and rest remained. She felt yet the encircling and upholding love, the tenderness of the unseen radiant face, and for many days "as one whom his mother comforteth," so did God comfort her.

HOW A MAN TAKES CARE OF HIS BABY.

In spite of all the statements to the contrary, there are men who help take care of their children. They are the kindest and best husbands in the world. They do not wish to see their wives overburdened with care and worry, and they intend to help them a great deal, and actually do. Yet it cannot be denied, that their opinion concerning the value of their services and their wives' opinion on the same subject do not exactly coincide. One of these good husbands will help dress the children for breakfast, and speak of it with a grandly virtuous air, while the fact is that he only washed the face of one while his wife washed and dressed the other three. He helps get the children ready for church; that is, he buttons up Dick's boots, and helps Jenny

put on her gloves after he has leisurely and comfortably dressed himself, while his wife ties sashes, and hunts up odd gloves, and puts on collars, and curls one child's hair and washes another's hands, and in the intervals "does up" her own hair, and saves the baby from the razor, and Jenny's best bonnet from the baby. He stands patiently (?) in the hall as the bells begin to toll, and mildly calls, "It is getting late, Maria," which fact Maria knows as well as he does, for her hands are trembling so with nervousness and haste that she can hardly put a single pin in its right place. Just as the last strokes of the bell are sounding, they hurry off to church, losing entirely the calming influence which comes from a leisurely walk on a fine Sunday morning. He takes the opportunity to remark, with just a shade of reproof in his gentle tones, "I can't understand why it takes you so long to get ready. It really does seem with all I help you, we need not be obliged to hurry so. I don't like to see you go up the aisle with your face as red as a lobster,"—which of course is very soothing to Maria's irritated nerves.

The father cares for the baby at night in very much the same fashion. The mother has lifted the child into her own bed, and back into its cradle again, in the vain hope that in one place or the other he will go to sleep, has brought "drinks of water" for him, rocked the cradle and sang to its uneasy occupant softly and sleepily for an hour, till finally she thinks that if she is to be in this *semi-amphibious* state, half out of bed and half in, the air from the open window is too cool for her. She knows if she tries to shut it herself the little tyrant will instantly miss her presence and be ten times wider awake than ever, and all the hour's singing and rocking will be labor lost. So, with much regret, she softly asks John to get up and close the window. He has lain remarkably still and breathed rather heavily, and is somewhat difficult to arouse for a man who afterward declares that he was wide awake all the time. But like the good husband he is, he cheerfully closes the window, and gets an extra blanket for the baby, and pleasantly asks, as he settles down into the pillows again, "What makes the baby

so uneasy to-night?" He manifests a strange indifference to his wife's reply, and in fact nothing more is heard from him till morning, while his wife sleepily and painfully works away for an hour longer. But at breakfast, with what calm complacency does he speak of the trouble the baby made us last night, with an "us" fairly editorial in its comprehensiveness. The next night he goes into a room by himself to sleep. He "can't stand it to have his rest broken so," but adds generously, "I'll take care of him the next night." And so he does till about twelve o'clock, when the baby wakes and cries. For ten minutes he tries faithfully to get him to sleep again, and then ignominiously retreats and calls for "mamma."

But it is in travelling on a hot summer's day, with a year-old baby, that the husband's virtues shine brightest. Mamma is tired and needs rest. They are going to spend a week with some friends a day's journey in the country. *She* is half-inclined to leave the baby at home. Her mother will "come over" and look after him, and "it's only for a few days after all." But *he* says decidedly, "Oh, no! take

him, by all means. Our cousins will all want to see him, and he is such a good little fellow. I'll help you to take care of him on the way, and there will always be somebody there who will want to amuse him."

She, being young and inexperienced, has not yet learned that *nobody* ever takes care of a baby to any extent, so long as its mother is near, for both mother and baby have notions of their own as to what "taking care of" means. Besides, she has a mother's instinctive desire to keep her child with her, and so says no more about it.

Then comes the usual ordeal of "getting ready," on which her husband makes the criticisms customary to men, who cannot understand why women do not find a clean pocket-handkerchief and an extra collar sufficient additional wardrobe for a week, as they do. However, at last they are ready to start. There is the large travelling-bag, with all sorts of mysterious appurtenances for the baby's toilet, the little travelling-bag with the lunch, and some crackers and a silver cup for the baby, the shawl-strap bundle enormously swollen by

a small pillow, also for the baby, for "he might go to sleep in the cars, you know." (Alas, how the best-laid schemes o' mice and mothers gang aft a-gley!) And lastly the baby, the largest and liveliest bundle of all.

The father sets out with the best of resolutions. *He* is going to take care of that baby all day. His wife needs the rest, and she shall have it. How little we realize what it will cost us to execute our good intentions. How different they look to us, when we are actually "under fire," from what they did when in peace and quietness we made them! He places his wife in the most comfortable seat he can find, a bag at her feet, a shawl at her back, takes the baby in his lap, and the day's campaign begins.

An hour goes by very pleasantly. The baby is amused by the novelty of the situation, and his father silently congratulates himself on the wisdom of his management. "Women wouldn't have half the trouble they do if they only knew how to manage," he says to himself. Just here, the newsboy appears with the morning papers. Secretly glad of a diversion, he buys a paper,

and the baby goes to its mamma. The young rascal, by this time tired of sitting still, and missing too, the steady support of his father's strong arms, begins to wriggle and twist. He slips down on the floor, his mother lifts him up again. He sits still two seconds and a half, and attracted by something outside, slips down again and stands tottering half a minute. Then she drags him back into her lap. Great, heavy fellow! how he pulls on her arms and shoulders. But she is used to it and only wonders what ails her arms and back that they get so tired every day. She is sure she doesn't do much but take care of that baby. Next, he "flops" over upon the opposite seat, in a few minutes "flops" back, slips down on his mother's lap, wriggles and twists awhile, gets a drink of water from the water boy and spills it on his mother's clean cuffs and his own white dress, slips down again, and again she lifts him back. All this time papa is calmly reading his paper. Having finished it and become convinced that the country is going to hold together a little longer, he hands the paper to his wife. (Did you ever see a

man offer the paper to his wife before he had read it himself, especially if it was near election?) Yes, she would like to look at it, if he will see to the baby.

"Certainly," with the slightest shade of injured innocence in his tones, "haven't I done so all the morning? Besides, the baby will take care of himself, he is big enough."

Mamma is wisely silent, and begins to look over the paper. The young scamp, who never thought of touching it so long as his father had it, now begins a series of indiscriminate dashes at it, which, combined with the motion of the cars, makes reading a matter of difficulty.

"Let him have it," says the mother, "I am too sleepy to read."

"Why don't you take a nap? It would do you good," exclaims the husband. "Let me arrange a place for you."

And in a few minutes the shawls and bags are arranged into a very tempting resting-place for the tired mother. She, who rose at five o'clock to get ready, willingly lays her head back on the shawl and closes her eyes, just

as the "chug-chug" of the cars begins to be a continuous "hum-m-m," she is startled by a scream from the baby, who has a suspicious-looking red spot over his eye. Papa looks a little confused, and explains:

"Why, you see, he sat so still that I thought I could read the President's message, and the first thing I knew he had tumbled off the seat."

But from the "big bag" mamma produces arnica and an old handkerchief, while papa wonders how she could have known he was going to get bumped, and thinks it is not such a bad thing to "get ready" after all.

"Never mind, he is all right now. You go to sleep again, and I'll devote myself to him."

So, once more, the weary eyes close, and this time everything fairly fades out of sight, and she is in that delightful state when one is asleep just enough to be conscious of the comfort of it, when her husband says:

"Maria, I am sorry to disturb you, but really I think this child is hungry, and I can't find his bottle of milk."

So she raises herself and feeds him. Of course she has slept only enough to make it impossible for her to go to sleep again, but not enough to rest her very much.

By this time they have reached Springfield. Papa gets out, buys a cup of tea for mamma, walks up and down the platform, exchanges a hearty word or two with some one, jumps on again as the train moves off, and leisurely walks into the car just as she has worked herself into a frenzy of apprehension for fear he is left. The recollection of the fact that he has the tickets and the checks in his pocket, and that she has but fifty cents in hers, does not tend to calm her nerves. The possession of a little extra money is a wonderful sedative on such occasions, but men do not always think of that.

"What a rest it is to stop awhile!" says he, as he settles himself down into the seat again. She, shut up in the stifling car in the dingy and smoky depot, with the restless baby crawling into and out of her lap all the while, wonders why it has not seemed pleasant to her, but only wonders. A woman's mind is not gener-

ally given to analyzing sensations. Neither of them thought what a relief it would have been to both mother and child if he had taken the baby up and down the platform a few times.

"Now, let us have our lunch," he continues, and the lunch bag is opened. Mamma eats hers in the intervals of feeding the baby and rescuing her own food from his reckless grasps. As it is, he manages to tip over a cup of milk upon the only thing she really cares much about. Papa eats his with a vigorous appetite, and then says:

"Well, now, you have had your nap, and I guess I'll take mine," and forthwith he proceeds to sleep a good hour.

Meanwhile, mamma tries to get the wriggling baby to sleep. But no, the condensed quintessence of forty eels could not be livelier. He is on the seats, down on the floor, and up again all at once, and her back and arms and shoulders ache again and again with lifting him. Presently papa shows signs of returning consciousness. In sheer desperation mamma says:

"Don't you believe you could take this

child in your arms and get him to sleep?" adding, with a spice of worldly wisdom, "he will be so cross when he gets there, if he loses his nap."

Papa's fatherly pride is touched. He does not want his baby to make a poor impression on his new friends. Besides, mamma looks tired, and isn't he taking care of that baby? So, with great cheerfulness, he takes the restless boy. The father's strong arms and broad chest are a pleasant contrast to mamma's unsteady grasp, and the child nestles close up to him. The tired little head leans heavily on his shoulder, the white lids droop over the blue eyes, and in a little while he is fast asleep. Papa enjoys holding the precious bundle for awhile. There is a slight tinge of complacency in thinking of the ease with which he put him to sleep, after mamma had tried so long in vain. Presently, however, his stout arms begin to ache, and he proposes to use the pillow which has made the shawl strap bundle so bulky. So mamma prepares a tempting bed; as soon as his lordship's head touches it than his eyes fly wide open.

The father feels as if he had done so well, that he deserves a little rest, and so says:

"There's a man in the next car I want to see. I guess I'll step in there for a few minutes."

So off he goes for half an hour, and talks politics and trade and hard times till he feels quite refreshed. The baby is crosser than ever, slips down and is pulled up, bumps his head against the window and cries for water. But the water boy has apparently gone down to the bottom of the Red Sea with Pharaoh after it, for he comes no more. Just as the mother's patience and temper are worn threadbare, the smiling father appears with an old army friend whom he has just discovered, and whom he wishes to introduce to his wife and baby.

Mamma instinctively feels, though she cannot see, that her bonnet is awry, her "crimps" all out, that the marks of baby's smutty fingers are on her cuffs and collar, neck-tie and bonnet strings. As for the baby himself!—hair all sticky and standing, milk around his mouth, dust on his sleeves, cracker-crumbs in his lap, cinders sticking all over his moist

little hands and face, and on every spot on his white dress where he has spilled milk or water. He is a very different little fellow from the sweet-looking baby in his fresh white dress and brown sash who came into the cars in the morning. Mamma is so uncomfortably conscious of the baby's soiled dress, and her own dilapidated appearance, and so vexed at John for bringing a stranger to see them, when they are in such a plight, that she is not very entertaining. John is dimly conscious that his family do not appear as well as usual, and wonders where the baby got such a dirty face. The old army friend being a bachelor, is a little surprised at his comrade's enthusiasm over either wife or baby, but praises the child, according to the elasticity of his conscience, and does not prolong the interview beyond the demands of politeness.

However, everything must have an end, and this journey is no exception. Already passengers are beginning to gather up bags and parcels, and soon our travellers are seated in the coach which is to carry them up the "long hill" to the pleasant farm-house.

"I am so tired!" gasps the poor mother, and her face confirms the truth of her words. The father feels distressed, but only says:

"I am very sorry; but never mind, we are almost there," while he thinks,—"How little these women can endure! Here I have taken care of that child all the way up, and feel as fresh as can be, and she is all tired out with the journey. What a pity our American women haven't more stamina!"

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE AND EXPLORATIONS OF DAVID LIVINGSTONE, LL. D. By John S. Roberts. Including Extracts from Dr. Livingstone's Last Journal. By Rev. E. A. Manning, with Portrait on steel and illustrations. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $1.50. So long as there exists in the human mind an admiration for heroism in a good cause, for courage under extraordinary difficulties, for inflexible perseverance in the face of obstacles seemingly insurmountable, and for faith remaining unshaken amidst disheartening surroundings, so long will the memory of David Livingstone be held in respect and reverence. The simple and unadorned story of the wanderings and sufferings of the missionary explorer in the wilds of Africa possesses a stronger fascination than the most skilfully-devised romance. More than thirty of the most active years of the life of Livingstone were spent in Africa. Going to that country at the early age of twenty-seven to engage in missionary work, for nine years he mingled with the native tribes, acquiring their language, teaching, and making such explorations as were incidental to his labors. At the end of that time, fired with the desire of opening up the mysteries of that almost unknown country, he set out upon a journey of exploration, the particular aim being the discovery of Lake Ngami. He succeeded, and collected, besides, a vast amount of scientific and geographical information which was entirely new. In 1852, having sent his family to England, he started on another journey of exploration, being absent four years, and traversing in that time over eleven thousand miles. On his return he published his first book, in which he detailed his discoveries. He paid a short visit to England, where he was received with open arms by scholars and scientific men, and every honor was accorded him. In 1858 he began his third voyage of exploration, accompanied by his wife, who died on the way. He returned in 1868, but immediately set out with a more extended plan in view. For more than four years nothing was heard from him except in the way of rumors. Then letters came, long delayed, detailing his plans, followed by a silence of two years. In 1871 he was found at Ujiji, alive and well, by Henry M. Stanley, who had been sent in search of him by the New York Herald. He joined Stanley, who had been given a carte blanche for explorations, and was with him until he died, May 1, 1873, at Ilala, in Central Africa. The present volume is an intensely interesting account of these several journeys compiled from the most authentic sources, the chief being Livingstone's own descriptions and journals.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

YENSIE WALTON'S WOMANHOOD. By Mrs. S. R. Graham Clark. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $1.50. Nine out of ten Sunday-school scholars have read *Yensie Walton*, one of the best and most interesting books that ever went into a Sunday-school library. The present volume introduces Yensie in a new home and under new conditions. She enters the family of a friend as an instructor of the younger members, and the narrative of her experiences will especially interest those who have to do with the moral and mental training of children. The author shows that all children are not made after the same pattern, and that one line of treatment is not of universal application. In one of her pupils, a boy of brilliant mental endowments, whose mind has become embittered because of a physical deformity, Yensie finds much to interest as well as to discourage her. She perseveres, however, and by studying his character carefully and working upon him from the right side, she gradually works a change in his disposition and brings his better qualities into active exercise. This is scarcely accomplished when a call from Valley Farm reaches her. Ever prompt to do duty's bidding, Yensie quits this happy home for the sterner requirements of her uncle's family, where she labored with unflagging interest and determination until that much-loved relative says his last good-by. It is then that the hitherto silenced wooer refuses to be longer quiet, and our heroine goes out from the old red farm-house to her wedded home, where as a wife and mother she makes duty paramount to pleasure, and every circumstance of life is met with that same fortitude characteristic of the Yensie Walton you so much admire. Besides the characters with which the reader is already familiar through the former work, others are introduced which are equally well drawn, and which serve to round out the story to completeness.

THE MOTHER'S RECORD OF THE MENTAL, MORAL AND PHYSICAL LIFE OF HER CHILD. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Quarto, $1.00. This work is valuable as it is unique. It is prepared by a Massachusetts woman, and though originally intended for her own benefit, has been published for the help of mothers everywhere. It is intended for a yearly chronicle of the child's growth and development, mental and physical, and will be an important aid to mothers who devote themselves to conscientious training of their little ones.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

OUT AND ABOUT. By Kate Tannatt Woods. Illustrated. Boston : D. Lothrop & Co. Price $1.50. Every boy and girl in the country used to delight in the Bodley books, and here is a volume which is in all respects their worthy successor. It is based upon something like the same plan, in that it takes a whole family, instead of a single member of it, about the country sight-seeing. We might rather say two whole families, for that is just what the author does. The Hudsons and the Marstons are neighbors in the vicinity of Boston, and the children are great friends. They all go to Cape Cod and Nantucket to spend the summer, and from there the Hudsons are called away to San Francisco by Col. Hudson, who is an army officer, and is stationed there. The book describes their stay on the Cape, and their long overland journey to the Pacific coast. Its interest is not wholly confined to the members of the party, for the author takes special pains to give correct and vivid pictures of the various places visited. The illustrations are some of the best ever put into a children's book, and are many from drawings and photographs made on the spot.

CHRONICLES OF THE STIMPCETT FAMILY. By Abby Morton Diaz. Boston : D. Lothrop & Co. Price $1.25. Some one once said, "Give a Frenchman an onion and a beef-bone, and he will make a dozen different kinds of delicious soup." Give Mrs. Diaz two or three simple incidents, and she will manufacture half a dozen stories so sprightly and jolly, and so full of every day human nature withal, that to the young they are a source of perennial delight, while the old people can get as much enjoyment out of them as from a volume of Scott or Dickens. This new book, which has never seen the light in any newspaper or magazine, will be ready in ample time for the holidays, and the father who wants to make his little ones perfectly happy at that time will take good care to secure a copy. The Stimpcetts have a "Family Story Teller," and the wonderful, queer, strange and funny stories which this individual has treasured up in his memory, and retails to the children on various occasions, will be laughed over, and talked over, and thought over, until the author is ready with another volume.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE PETTIBONE NAME. By Margaret Sidney. The V I F Series. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $1.25 If the publishers had offered a prize for the brightest, freshest and most brilliant bit of home fiction wherewith to start off this new series, they could not have more perfectly succeeded than they have in securing this, *The Pettibone Name*, a story that ought to create an immediate and wide sensation, and give the author a still higher place than she now occupies in popular esteem. The heroine of the story is not a young, romantic girl, but a noble, warm-hearted woman, who sacrifices wealth, ease and comfort for the sake of others who are dear to her. There has been no recent figure in American fiction more clearly or skillfully drawn than Judith Pettibone, and the impression made upon the reader will not be easily effaced. Most of the characters of the book are such as may be met with in any New England village. Deacon Badger, whose upright life and pleasant ways make him a universal favorite; little Doctor Pilcher, with his hot temper and quick tongue; Samantha Scarritt, the village dressmaker, whose sharp speech and love of gossip are tempered by a kind heart and quick sympathy, and the irrepressible Bobby Jane, all are from life, and all alike bear testimony to the author's keenness of observation and skill of delineation. Taken altogether, it is a delightful story of New England life and manners; sparkling in style, bright in incident, and intense in interest. It deserves to be widely read, as it will be.

LIFE AND PUBLIC CAREER OF HORACE GREELEY. By W. M. Cornell, LL. D. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $1.25. This is a new edition of a popular life of Greeley, the first edition of which was early exhausted. It has been the author's aim to give a clear and correct pen picture of the great editor, and to trace the gradual steps in his career from a poor and hard-working farmer boy to the editorial chair of the most powerful daily newspaper in America. The book has been thoroughly revised and considerable new matter added.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AFTER THE FRESHET. By Edward A. Rand. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $1.25. This is the second volume in the V I F series which was stamped with success by the first issue. It is unnecessary to say of any books of Mr. Rand's that they are bright, interesting and helpful; that may be taken for granted. His stories have always been characterized by those qualities and in the one before us they are particularly prominent. There is always a purpose in his books, an influence which remains after the mere incidents of the story are forgotten. He has painted a variety of characters, good and bad, in *After the Freshet*, all of which have a special mission to perform. The main character of the story is Arthur Manley, a young man of fine talents and noble character, who has been brought up in a rough farmer's family in ignorance of his parentage. From the fact that he has become a great favorite with a wealthy family in town, he has incurred the dislike of an unprincipled lawyer, who has designs upon that family, and who resorts to a series of persecutions in order to get him out of the way. The story of how he evades the plots of his enemy and how he ultimately discovers the secret of his birth and achieves the other and higher ambitions of his life, is vividly and affectingly told.

TODAYS AND YESTERDAYS. By Carrie Adelaide Cooke. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $1.25. This pleasant story is from the pen of the author of *From June to June*, and is intended for the reading of girls who have reached that age when their real mission in life seems to commence; the age when school-days are ended, and the sphere of duty is enlarged by wider acquaintance and new responsibilities. The story opens at a New Hampshire seminary on the eve of examination day, and the principal characters are three girls, school-companions and fellow-graduates. It is not a story of incident, nor does its interest depend upon strong contrasts or vivid descriptions. The narrative is a quiet following out of the currents of these three lives, with their various changes, their joys and sorrows. A strong religious element permeates the book, and it will be found a valuable addition to Sunday-school literature.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

YOUNG FOLKS' HISTORY OF AMERICA. Edited by Hezekiah Butterworth. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $1.50. In form and general appearance this is an exceedingly attractive volume. The paper is good, the type clear, and the illustrations with which its pages are crowded are well chosen and finely engraved. Mr. Butterworth has selected for the basis of his work McKenzie's "History of the United States," which was published in England several years ago. The text has been thoroughly revised, changes made where necessary, fresh matter introduced and new chapters added, the remodelled work being admirably adapted for use in schools or for home reading. It sketches succinctly and yet clearly the gradual development of the country from the time of the landing of Columbus down to the present; brings into relief the principal occurrences and incidents in our national history; explains the policy of the republic, and gives brief biographies of the statesmen and soldiers who have rendered especial services to the country. The narrative is brought down to the present moment, and includes an account of the inauguration of Garfield, with sketches of the members of his cabinet. An appendix contains a list of the Presidents and Vice Presidents of the United States, with the dates of their qualifications; statistics showing the population and area of the states and territories, a list of the cities and towns of the United States having a population of ten thousand and upwards, according to the census of 1880, and a chronological table of events. There is, besides, an exhaustive index. The work should find a place in every home library.

WARLOCK O' GLENWARLOCK. By George MacDonald. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $1.75. This charming story, by one of the foremost English writers of the time, which has appeared in the form of monthly supplements to WIDE AWAKE, will be brought out early this fall in complete book form uniform in style with *A Sea Board Parish*, and *Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood*. It is a picture of Scotch life and character, such as none but Mr. MacDonald can paint; full of life and movement, enlivened with bursts of humor, shaded by touches of pathos, and showing keen powers of analysis in working out the characters of the principal actors in the story. The book was set from the author's own manuscript, and appears here simultaneously with the English edition.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET. By Samuel Woodworth. Quarto Holiday edition. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $1.50. Of all the illustrated quarto presentation books yet issued, this is by all odds the most artistic and tasteful. The art of the designer, engraver and printer has in turn been exhausted to bring it as near perfection as possible. The drawings are from the skilful pencil of Miss Humphrey, and represent her best work. The engraving is by W. N. Closson, whose reputation in that line is equal to that of any other man in the country, and the printing is from new type on heavy paper with broad margins and gilt edges. In general style and binding the volume is uniform with *The Ninety and Nine*, *Drifting*, etc.

THE STORY OF FOUR ACORNS. By Alice B. Engle. Ill. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $1.00. Children who like fairy stories will find in this handsome volume a fountain of delight. The author possesses rare talent for interesting the young, and has here turned it to the best advantage. She has furnished a fascinating story, and has ingeniously woven into it bits of poetry and song from famous authors which will find easy entrance into the mind and create an appetite for more. The illustrations are among Miss Lathbury's best, and do their part toward making the volume attractive.

A capital idea is represented in the new book, *Historic Pictures*, suggested by the success of last season's volume, *Write Your Own Stories*. It consists of a collection of pictures illustrating places and events of historic interest, thirty in number, with three blank pages after each picture, which are to be utilized by the boys and girls in writing an account of the incidents which have made the various places famous. The publishers offer a series of cash prizes for competitors, the lists to remain open until July 1, 1882. The one who sends the best series of stories or historical descriptions of the pictures, will receive $25.00 ; the author of the second best, $15.00, and the third in point of excellence, $10.00.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE TENT IN THE NOTCH. By Edward A. Rand. A Sequel to "Bark Cabin on Kearsarge." Ill. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $1.00. The boys and girls who last year read Mr. Rand's charming book, *Bark Cabin on Kearsarge*, will hail this present volume with genuine delight. It is a continuation of that story, with the same characters, and relates the adventures of the Merry family during the vacation season, the camping-out place being changed from Kearsarge to the Notch, and the bark cabin giving place to a large tent for a summer residence. The location selected for the camp is a short distance down the Notch road, within easy walk of the Crawford House where the ladies of the family have a room, although their days are spent at the tent. From this point excursions are made in all directions, every known point of attraction being visited and others eagerly searched for. One day they make the ascent of Mt. Washington, the ladies going up by rail and the boys taking the Crawford bridlepath. Another they climb Mt. Willard to enjoy the magnificent panorama spread out below, and one day the boys take part in an exciting but unsuccessful bear hunt. The author has interwoven with his story many of the local traditions of the mountains, and his descriptions of the natural scenery of the region are so vivid and accurate that one who has gone over the same ground almost feels as if the book were a narrative of real occurrences. Like the first volume of the series, *The Tent in the Notch* is capital reading, even for old folks. To the boys and girls who expect to make the mountains a visit this summer, it is, aside from its interest as a story, as good as a guide book, and what they will learn from its pages will add greatly to their enjoyment.

OVER SEAS: or, Here, There, and Everywhere. Ill Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $1.00. Twenty-one bright, sparkling sketches of travel and sight-seeing make up the contents of this handsome volume, which every boy and girl will delight to read. The various stories are all by popular authors, and cover adventures in Italy, Germany, France, and other countries of Europe, China, Mexico, and some out of the way corners of the world where travellers seldom get, and which young readers know little about. They are full of instructive information, and the boy or girl who reads them will know a great deal more about foreign countries and the curious things they contain than could be gained from many larger and more pretentious books. The volume is profusely illustrated.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WHAT THE SEVEN DID. By Margaret Sidney. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $1.75. One of the most attractive volumes of the present year, or, indeed, of any of the years preceding, is this delightful record of the sayings and doings of the Wordsworth Club at its various regular and irregular meetings. The club is a girls' club and the mystic number seven constitutes its active strength. The members are greatly given to fun and frolic, and their meetings, although generally spiced with easy-to-break-out tempers of some of the lively crowd, are generally occasions of special enjoyment. There is a mystery in the story — a succession of mysteries, rather — and they all have to do with a certain Miss Rachel Wigthorpe and a Little Brown Box. Just what they are we are not permitted to tell, but they have the effect of bringing the members of the Club together at very special weekly meetings in Miss Wigthorpe's parlor for seven consecutive weeks, and not only that, but all the boys and girls of the neighborhood who have, or who can beg or borrow ten cents, are eager to share in the enjoyment of these mysterious evenings. Even the babies and the cats sometimes have to be let in, and occasionally a prominent part is taken in the proceedings by a mature and irrepressible young gentleman of three, who insists on wearing his hat and has a proclivity, in certain contingencies, for the active use of teeth and nails. It is a delightful book from beginning to end, and will furnish no end of entertainment for juvenile readers. It is profusely illustrated, with an artistic cover designed by J. Wells Champney.

TENNYSON'S PASTORAL SONGS. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $2.50. Among the holiday publications now in course of preparation by the Messrs. Lothrop, this exquisite volume merits particular attention. It is made up of choice selections from the works of the poet-laureate, beautifully illustrated, printed on the finest paper, and elegantly bound. Among the selections are some of the songs from "Maud" and "The Princess," "The Bugle Song," "The Brook," "The Miller's Daughter," etc. Nothing more choice of its kind will be offered holiday buyers the coming season.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

GRANDMOTHER NORMANDY. By the Author of "Silent Tom." V. I. F. series. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $1.25. The series of which this volume is the third issue, has already achieved a remarkable popularity, and *Grandmother Normandy* will find a host of readers the moment it takes its place upon the counters of the booksellers. It deals more directly with some of the vital points of Christianity, than either of its predecessors, and shows how the bitter things in every one's experience may be turned to good and lasting account. It teaches that life lived selfishly is a curse; but that giving sympathy, love, help, and hope to others makes one grow grandly strong, and fits one for great things in the hereafter. It shows that to one who works earnestly and conscientiously life is a vast, undiscovered country, full of marvels, attainments, golden opportunities and industries, rich with mines of unexplored thought, and bright with usefulness. The story itself is fascinatingly told. The character of Grandmother Normandy, stern, relentless, and unforgiving, almost to the last, is strongly drawn, and the author has shown her skill in the means she has devised for softening the old lady's heart and melting the pride which has wrought so much unhappiness in her family. The book is written in an entertaining style, and without any flagging of interest from the first chapter to the last.

YOUNG FOLKS' SPEAKER. A Collection of Prose and Poetry for Declamations, Recitations, and Elocutionary Exercises. Selected and arranged by Carrie Adelaide Cooke. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $1.00. Here is the book for which school children have long been waiting; a book not thrown together of any and all kinds of material, simply to meet the popular demand, but a carefully compiled collection of pieces suitable for reading and speaking, most of which have never before been included in any work of the kind. The oft expressed wishes of the children for something new — "Something that hasn't been read to pieces" — is here fully met. Some of the old favorites, without which no book of declamation would be complete, are given; selections from Longfellow, Whittier, and Holmes; but as has been already said, the bulk of the volume is made up of fresh and unhackneyed pieces, chosen for their poetic merit, pure sentiment, and the opportunity they offer for elocutionary display. No collection of the kind that has yet been published presents so many excellences, or is better adapted to the wants of the class for which it has been especially prepared. It deserves to become a standard in the schools of the country. The illustrations are many and attractive.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIVE LITTLE PEPPERS AND HOW THEY GREW. By Margaret Sidney. Ill. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $1.50. Of all the books for juvenile readers which crowd the counters of the dealers this season, not one possesses so many of those peculiar qualities which go to make up a perfect story as this charming work. It tells the story of a happy family, the members of which, from the mother to the youngest child, are bound together in a common bond of love. Although poor, and obliged to plan and scrimp and pinch to live from day to day, they make the little brown house which holds them a genuine paradise. To be sure the younger ones grumble occasionally at having nothing but potatoes and bread six days in the week, but that can hardly be regarded as a defect either of character or disposition. Some of the home-scenes in which these little Peppers are the actors are capitally described, and make the reader long to take part in them. The description of the baking of the birthday cake by the children during the absence of the mother; the celebration of the first Christmas, and the experiences of the family with the measles are portions of the book which will be thoroughly enjoyed. A good deal of ingenuity is displayed by the author in bringing the little Peppers out of their poverty and giving them a start in life. The whole change is made to turn on the freak of the youngest of the cluster, the three-year old Phronsie, who insisted on sending a gingerbread boy to a rich old man who was spending the summer at the village hotel. The old gentleman after laughing himself sick at the ridiculous character of the present, called to see her, and is so taken with the whole family that he insists upon carrying the eldest girl home with him to be educated. How she went, and what she did, and how the rest of the family finally followed her, with the rather unlooked-for discovery of relationship at the close, make up the substance of a dozen or more interesting chapters. It ought, for the lesson it teaches, to be put into the hands of every boy and girl in the country. It is very fully and finely illustrated and bound in elegant form, and it will find prominent place among the higher class of juvenile presentation books the coming holiday season.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

DOCTOR DICK: A sequel to "*Six Little Rebels.* By Kate Tannatt Woods. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price, $1.50. Ever since the publication of that charming story, *Six Little Rebels*, there has been a constant demand from all quarters for a continuation of the adventures of the bright young Southerners and their Northern friends. The handsome, well-illustrated volume before us is the result. The story begins with Dick and Reginald at Harvard, with Miss Lucinda as their housekeeper, and a number of old friends as fellow-boarders. Dolly and Cora are not forgotten, and hold conspicuous places in the narrative, which is enlivened by bright dialogue and genuine fun. What they all do in their respective places — the boys at college, Cora at Vassar, Dolly with her father, Mrs. Miller at Washington, and the others at their posts of duty or necessity, is entertainingly described. The story of the fall of Richmond and the assassination of Lincoln are vividly told. One of the most interesting chapters of the book is that which describes the visit, after the fall of the Confederacy, of Reginald's father, General Gresham, to Cambridge, and the rejoicings which followed. The whole book is full of life and incident, and will be thoroughly enjoyed by young readers.

YOUNG FOLKS' HISTORY OF RUSSIA. By Nathan Haskell Dole, editor and translator of "Rambaud's Popular History of Russia." Fully illustrated. 12mo, cloth, $1.50; half Russia, $2.00. Mr. Dole has for several years made a careful and special study of Russian history, and the volume before us bears testimony to the critical thoroughness of the knowledge thus gained. Russia has no certain history before the ninth century, although there is no lack of legend and tradition. Some attention is given to these, but the real record of events begins just after the time Vladimir became Prince of Kief, about the beginning of the tenth century. The contents are divided into two books, the first being sub-divided into "Heroic Russia," "Russia of the Princes," "The Enslavement of Russia," and "The Russia of Moscow." The second book deals with Russia after its establishment as an empire, and its sub-divisions have for their special subjects, "Ivan the Tyrant," "The Time of the Troubles," "The House of the Romanoffs," and "Modern Russia." It would have been in place had Mr. Dole given the reader a chapter on modern Russian politics, a thing which could easily have been done, and which is absolutely necessary to enable the reader to understand current events and prospective movements in the empire. The volume is profusely illustrated, and contains two double-page colored maps.

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